THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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COMFORT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ALICE CARY.

Boatman, boatman! my brain is wild,
As wild as the rainy seas;
My poor little child, my sweet little child,
Is a corpse upon my knees.

No holy choir to sing so low—
No priest to kneel in prayer,
Nor fire-women to help me sew
A cap for his golden hair.

Dropping his oars in the rainy sea,
The pious boatman cried,
Not without Him who is life to thee,
Could the little child have died?

His grace the same, and the same His power,
Demanding our love and trust,
Whether He makes of the dust, a flower,
Or changes a flower to dust.

On the land and the water, all in all,
The strength to be still, or pray,
To alight the leaves to their time to fall,
Or light up the hills with May.

Pictures of Life.

THE YOUNG CLERGYMAN AND HIS ANTI-MACASSARS.

BY HESTER HALLIWELL.

CHAPTER I.

There was no rail to Chelson in those days, only three stage coaches, so I started by the early one. The glistening dew was still on the fields, the birds were singing, the hedge-flowers opening, and the various points of the landscape, as we drove on, stood out clear and lovely against the morning sky. My fellow-passengers were two pleasant, elderly ladies, who pressed egg sandwiches upon me. I asked if they knew Chelson. Yes, they said, they lived within a few miles of it; it was a pretty place, containing a good many Dissenters.

"There are two churches," I eagerly observed; "St. Stephen's and St. Paul's."

"But they have been so badly managed," was the reply, "that a great many have seceded from them to become Dissenters. There's some rare fun, though, going on in Chelson just now; as we heard a few days ago, in a letter."

"What is it?" I inquired.

"They have got a new clergyman at one of the churches, I forget which, and the ladies are turning his head with attention and flattery. It is a hot pursuit with them; Chelson has never been so lively for years. It is sure to be the case where there's a bachelor clergyman."

I wondered whether they could be speaking of my brother Alfred, whom I was going to visit at Chelson. He had been presented to the living of St. Stephen's about eight months before. But I felt sure it was not; Alfred had too much steady good sense, and I turned the conversation to other things.

About four o'clock we reached Chelson. I got out at the coach-office, and was surprised to find no one waiting for me. A porter, who took charge of my luggage, showed me the way to the vicarage. The church, an old gray building, covered with moss, lay very low, a descent of several steps led to the churchyard, and the vicarage was situated close to it, the long, dank grass touching the walls of the house. The porter halted his truck at the steps and shouldered one of the boxes whilst I went down with them, and, walking across the churchyard, knocked at the vicarage-door.

"If this house is not damp," I began to say to myself, but stopped in surprise, for about a dozen faces appeared at one of the windows, peeping at me. What in the world did they do there, in Alfred's house? Perhaps the porter had brought me to the wrong place!

"Are you sure this is St. Stephen's Vicarage?" I hastily asked him. "The Reverend Alfred Halliwell's?"

"Oh, quite sure, miss, he replied, smiling at my fear of his being mistaken. The man probably followed the bent of my thoughts, for he added, "I think the new vicar have got his sewing-party to-day."

"Sewing party!" I uttered.

"The ladies meet at his house once a week, miss, and makes clothes for the poor."

The door was flung open by a middle-aged woman in black, with spectacles on her nose, and gray hair sticking out. Alfred appeared behind her, and then I found there had been a mistake, that my mother's letter or in his reading of it, he had not expected me till the evening coach [illegible]

[illegible] was put in the passage, a very narrow one, [illegible] brother paid the porter, and then led me to the parlor. Fifteen or sixteen [illegible] ages up to five-and-thirty, sat [illegible] which was piled up with calico, and

"My eldest sister," said Alfred.

"Miss Dewlson, Miss ——"

I heard no more. I thought I should have been smothered. The whole lot started up, and fell upon me. I have a great dislike to being kissed, but what was I to do? Mrs. Zink, a stout lady, being fifty, the wife of a professional man living in the town, was the only married lady present. She offered to chaperone me up-stairs, and Alfred thanked her.

It was a very poor, old-fashioned house, containing five rooms, beside the kitchen, which was built at the back. The ceilings were miserably low; I could touch their beams with my hand. Below were two parlors, one on either side the door, two bedrooms over, mine and Alfred's, and a third room above, in what I should have called the attic, but which I there heard styled the "cock-loft."

What a many bonnets!" I exclaimed, when I had, in view of my bed.

"My dear Miss Halliwell," said Mrs. Zink (it [illegible] me no help, the oddest name!), "I hope [illegible] excuse it. We have been in the habit of [illegible] sings here on the Tuesday afternoons, though the room was made up for the same to-day. Indeed, there was [illegible] The second parlor has got the [illegible] and of course the young ladies would rather be skinned than invade the privacy of the vicar's bedroom. Did you wonder at seeing so many here, all at work?"

"A little, at first," I answered.

"Ah! your dear brother has had the labor of a horse before him. The parish was in the most neglected state when he came to it, religion and morality were not thought of amongst the poor, and the children were a race of heathens. What Mr. Halliwell would have done without us, I don't know. We have organised everything for him: schools and book-clubs, and visiting-district-ladies, and coal-and-provident meetings, and sewing-for-the-poor societies, and all else requisite, so that he really has no trouble, except his Sunday duties."

"But—pardon me—if the lady-parishioners are so very kind as to accomplish this good, of themselves, why could they not have done it in the time of the last vicar, or at least have prevented things getting so bad?"

"My dear Miss Halliwell, there must be a head; your brother is referred to on all occasions. In any little doubt or difficulty we fly to him, and indeed we never like to hold a meeting unless he is present. Now Mr. Clarke, the last vicar (a very good old soul, in the abstract), was as deaf as a post and a martyr to the rheumatism. There would have been no satisfaction in working for him. For the last five years of his life he had to be dragged into the church by Betty and the beadle, and did all the duty from the reading-desk."

"Is my brother liked here?" I ventured to inquire.

"Liked! he is adored," returned Mrs. Zink. "And the greatest pleasure we enjoy is the looking after his domestic comforts. He seems to have as much notion of management, as the curate at the other church has of preaching."

"He was always deficient in that sort of usefulness," I said. "I think clergymen frequently are."

"Ah, poor things!" aspirated Mrs. Zink, "these inexperienced saints of clergymen are like doves, pecked at by every raven that comes near them in the shape of tradespeople and servants. And they fall into snares so unsuspiciously! Would you believe that your brother was actually going to retain the late vicar's female servant?"

"Indeed!" I answered, not quite knowing what I might be expected to say.

"To be sure she is no beauty, and she is turned five-and-forty," went on Mrs. Zink. "It is Betty, the woman who opened the door for you, the sexton's sister. He could not understand why she would not do for him as well as for the late vicar. But I, and Mrs. Farley, and Mrs. Dewlson, and Mrs. Hook, and a few more, stepped privately up here, and pointed out to Mr. Halliwell that there was a wide difference between old Clarke, going on for eighty and no teeth, and a handsome young man like himself. There certainly *might* not have been any scandal talked in the parish, and I never shall forget the unsuspicious young vicar's astonished looks at our hinting that it was possible, but we told him that it was better to steer wide and clear, and give it a distant berth. So, until now, nobody has lived in the house with him but the sexton's son Jim, an extremely handy young man of one-and-twenty."

"Then has my brother no maid-servant?" I inquired, wondering when Mrs. Zink's communications would stop.

"He has taken her on now, in expectation of your arrival she came in yesterday. A sight of dirt she has just told me she found to clean up in the house, especially in Jim's bed-room in the cock-loft."

"I fear it must have been rather awkward for both my brother and the young man to contrive for themselves, without a woman-servant," I exclaimed, not agreeing, in the least, with the nonsense she had been talking.

"We have all been proud to do what we could for our dear pastor. When he is dining at home, we send him in some little dainty—a custard pudding, or a plate of macaroni, or some raspberry cream—for Jim's skill in cooking only extends to chops and potatoes. But it is but rarely he puts Jim's cooking to the test; he is constantly invited out, to one parishioner's or another; they quarrel who shall have him. I secured him for the Sunday," added Mrs. Zink, triumphantly. "I know how it would be, the instant I set eyes on him—that every soul would be wanting to snap him up. So I made bay when the sun shone, and engaged him for every Sunday in the year, all the fifty-two, for dinner and tea. Now, Fanny; what do you want?"

A pleasant-looking girl had entered, humming a tune. She was Mrs. Zink in miniature, very garrulous and positive.

"Tea is ready, mamma; and Mr. Halliwell says will you make it?"

Mrs. Zink turned to me, "We are having tea early, but it refreshes us. Shall I preside for you this evening, or would you prefer——"

"Oh, if you please," I interrupted, "I would much rather you did it. They are all strange to me."

"Then I'll go on. Fanny, have you finished that pinafore?"

"No, mamma," answered Fanny, with a gesture of impatience. "I have turned it over to Matilda; she will do that and her own work too."

"The most easy job I could find, all straight sewing, and you give it up!" cried Mrs. Zink, angrily. "I don't know what's to become of you, Fanny. It is a blessing that Matilda is domesticated and industrious!"

"Is she, though!" ejaculated Miss Fanny Zink, in a whisper, nodding her head after her mother, as the latter went down stairs. "Do you like plain sewing, Miss Halliwell?"

"I like it very well," I replied, "and I often have a good deal to do."

"Well, I would as lief be put in the pillory. Mamma brings me here on Tuesday afternoons, and I enjoy coming, myself, for the fun of it, but I don't do a stitch more than I can avoid. I call it a most detestable mania that they have got up, since the new vicar came."

"If you so much dislike work, you should leave it for those who are fond of it."

"None of them are. It's all put on. And if it were not for—something—they would not do any. Look at Matilda; she would not touch a needle at home, if she were paid, though she does come here and sit, nose to knees, for hours without stirring. I can't, so it's of no use pretending."

I had made myself tidy by this time, and we went down to the parlor. Not the one where the sewing was. Such a handsome tea was set out, Mrs. Zink presiding. The cups and saucers were blue and gold, and a small fringed damask napkin was on each lady's plate. Bread-and-butter, rolls, biscuits, watercress, radishes, marmalade, potted tongue, damson cheese, and a pint jug of cream! If Alfred had thought to provide the one-half of this, his housekeeping talents must have wonderfully improved.

What we seemed to want most was room. And how the chairs for eighteen were stowed into that little parlor was a mystery. Not many could sit round the table; the rest put their chairs where they could, face to face or back to back, as they would go in, and held their plates on their laps. When Betty or Jim came in with the fresh supplies of hot water, we took it in at the door, for there was no further getting inside. I thought Jim seemed to enjoy the party as much as we did; there was a good-humored grin on his face, which never left it. He was a simple-minded young man, very anxious to please, and in bodily fear of his Aunt Betty. But to see the attentions the ladies lavished upon Alfred! "Mr. Halliwell, let me give you a little marmalade! I know it is good, for I made it with my own hands." "Oh, Mr. Halliwell, allow me to spread it for you!" "Dear Mr. Halliwell, do taste the potted tongue! Now I superintended it myself, and there's just the flavor of spice you like!" "Mr. Halliwell, I am peeling this radish for you, and you must eat it. I will answer for their being fresh, for I pulled them out of our own garden." "Just look, Mr. Halliwell, what a beautiful piece of damson cheese! I have cut it for you. Mamma prides herself upon her damson cheese, and I always assist with it." "My dear, good Mr. Halliwell, I beg your pardon! I did not perceive your cup was empty. Permit me to pass it." And this kept on all tea, so that by the time it was over, Alfred, who was naturally diffident, had got a face as red as the radishes.

They got to the sewing again afterwards, and left about eight o'clock, Alfred going with them. I then went into the kitchen and asked Betty for a candle, thinking I would have a look round my brother's bed-room, and see if things were comfortable for him.

My goodness! I never saw such a room. The state it was in would have turned my mother crazy. She used to reproach Alfred with never keeping his drawers straight; she should have seen these, outside and in.

"Ah, miss, you may well stare," said Betty, who had followed me. "When I first see this room yesterday, I heaved up my hands and eyes. And when I spoke to master about it, he looked round as if he see it then for the first time. But he did say that he never could find his things when he wanted them. Wouldn't I like to have the shaking of that Jim!"

"My brother never does see anything but his books and pens. What are all these rabbled up here?"

"Clean shirts which have got the buttons off," responded Betty. "It have been master's plan, I hear, when he have put on a shirt and found a button gone, to tug it off again and cram it anyways into the drawers, or toss it on the top, so that I b'lieve now he have not got above a couple of shirts to wear. As if that Jim could not have folded them up after him; and sewed the buttons on too, if he liked, the proud monkey! Them are stockings, miss, and they have not got no fellows that I can see, and there ain't one in the whole stock but have got nine or ten holes in it as big as half-a-crown."

"They will never mend!" I exclaimed, looking at stocking after stocking in dismay.

"Not to much account," answered Betty. "Mr. Jim ought to be made to pay for new ones. He might have bought some darning-cotton and a needle, and caught up the holes, not have let 'em go on to this. I took a pair down yesterday, after master went out to dinner at five, and when he come home at half after ten I hadn't got through the first. And oh, miss! you should have seen Jim's room in the cock-loft. He had been a cutting up of wood in it, and never cleared up the chips, and drops of tallow was splashed on the boards, and a hole burnt out of one corner of the sheet. I'd put master Jim in a press-gang for two months, and make him work, if I had my will."

"Where did this come from?" I exclaimed, espying a handsome white satin pincushion on Alfred's dressing-table. "And what pretty scent-bottles!"

"They come from one or another of 'em," replied Betty. "I dare say Jim knows which; it have been as good as a theatre play to him."

"From one another of what?" I asked, not understanding.

"From the young ladies what's after master. The house is full of their presents. You just wait till to-morrow morning, miss, you'll see something then. Why, miss, there ain't one of that sixteen what was here to-night but is ready to rush into his arms, whether he'll open them or not. All them niceties you saw on the table for tea was brought here by one or t'other; pretending to master that they had made the jams and things theirselves, that he might get thinking what a useful wife they'd make him. The cups and saucers was lent by Mrs. Zink—she's a deep one, she is—and them fringed cloths on the plates was give by Mrs. Dove. When they first got up these sewing parties, they held 'em at their own houses by turns. And what made 'em propose to hold 'em at the vicarage? Why, because master should be present, for that's all they care for, not for the sewing or the poor, and they couldn't for shame ask him out to a stitching-meeting. The mothers be more cunning than the daughters, and that's a fact. I wonder master ain't drove clean off his head with the two. Here comes master! he is soon home to-night."

I went out of the room with Betty, leaving it as it was, till morning.

"Where do you sleep?" I asked her.

"Up there, miss. In the cock-loft."

"I thought that was Jim's room."

"Jim left when I came in, miss. He is to come of a day to fetch and carry messages. The notes master has to send the ladies, in answer to theirs, is enough to exercise Jim's legs."

What in the world had come to the parlor when I got into it the next morning? I went to draw forward a chair, and found its back decorated off with a white netted covering. I turned to take another; that was also decorated, as were all the six, and the ends of the little *sofa*, and the two stools, which were not of common horsehair, like the rest of the furniture, but elegant pieces of embroidery in floss silks. I had never met with these white things before; they have become universal since, but I do believe Chelson gave rise to the fashion; and I did not see them anywhere else for years afterwards.

"I knew you would be dazed, miss," cried Betty, in triumph. "I had got 'em in the wash-tub yesterday. They was pretty black when I came, for this room smokes like anything, and I sat up to dry and finish 'em after you went to bed."

"What do you call them? What are they for?"

"Well, miss, they ain't of no use, they are for ornament; they gets tumbled, and they gets on the floor, and the cotton fluff from 'em gets on the gentlemen's clothes. I calls 'em chair-sacks, but that ain't the quality name. There's a set for master's bed-room, and Jim did hear, miss," added Betty, dropping her voice to a mysterious whisper, "that the ladies was a consulting whether they might not do some to put on the pulpit cushions."

They gave a light, pretty appearance to the low dark room and its plain furniture.

"How gay you are, Alfred!" I said, when he appeared.

"Gay! Oh, with these anti-macassars. A senseless name for them, making out that we all use hair oil."

"Who made them?"

"Miss—let me see—Miss Dewlsson, I think it was, made this set."

"Betty says there are some for your bed-room."

"Yes. Emma Farley made those. You had better put them in yours. I have not used them."

"And who worked you these footstools, Alfred?"

"Oh, that was a joint-stock affair, I believe. Five or six joined and presented them."

We were inundated that day with callers, so that we could hardly snatch our early dinner. They came to see me, the visitors said, and I expressed myself gratified, but I think it was more to see Alfred. One of them, a Miss Butler, who came with her aunt, left in Alfred's hands a thin parcel of tissue paper, expressing a hope that he would find the contents useful. He opened it when she was gone.

"Look here, Hester! Do you think I can wear these?"

It was a pair of fine bands, hem-stitched and trimmed round with a sort of lace, very narrow, the work of the hand.

"Of course you cannot wear them," I replied, in astonishment. "I never heard of any but plain bands being worn. What possesses all the ladies you have got amongst?"

Alfred laughed. "I never in my life met with so good-natured a set as these Chelson people. Hester, I do think I might wear these; I do not like to appear ungrateful."

"You cannot wear the bands," I peremptorily said. "Don't talk nonsense. I wish my mother had come here, instead of me."

"Why so?"

"Because, Alfred, you are running into danger, and need warning counsel. My opinion is, that when a parcel of women can beset a clergyman, because he happens to be unmarried, as these Chelson people, old and young, are besetting you, they possess neither judgment nor modesty; and I am sure they have no religion."

"Hester, I strive to do what is right; to adhere to the line of duty."

"I believe you wish to do so, Alfred. But they are rendering it difficult."

On the following Sunday morning, as I was passing up the stairs to get ready for church, Alfred's door stood open, and I espied these identical bands laid out on his dressing-table, side by side with a pair of plain ones. I felt grievously vexed, for it convinced me that Alfred was debating with himself whether he should wear them. I darted in and seized them, on the spur of the moment, flew quietly down the stairs, popped them into Betty's kitchen fire, and flew back again. Presently he came up and went into his chamber; he had been preparing the bread for the Sacrament, for it was the first Sunday in June.

"Hester," he called out, "have you got those bands of Miss Butler's?"

"I got them!" I answered, frightened to death, "what should bring me with them? It is more than half-past ten, Alfred. Make haste."

"Did you think the wind was very high this morning?" he presently cried out again.

I sat down to laugh, and thought I should have choked. Alfred's idea was that they had blown out of the window!

"Oh, very high," I responded, when I could speak. "Don't you see the poplars blowing about?"

He said no more, and we went to church, Alfred of course in the plain bands. It was very full; in the late vicar's time the pews used to be empty; but Alfred, (to go to no less legitimate considerations) was a superior reader, and preached practical, excellent sermons. I was surprised to see so many young ladies stop to the Sacrament. I think every one in the church stayed, and it struck me I had never seen so many communicants before.

But when I drew near the table and saw what was on it, my heart stood still, and a film gathered before my sight. How they must have perverted my brother! He had got a couple of lace handkerchiefs there! he had indeed. One over the chalice, the other over a plate which must have contained the bread, or the alms just collected, I did not know which. He might *call* them napkins of fair white linen, but they were neither more nor less than worked handkerchiefs; the middle, of silky, transparent cambric; and the border, four inches broad, of beautiful lacework. I hung down my head to hide the tears which I could not help.

Since then I have seen the same display in a metropolitan church, and they were also given to the bachelor rector by some ladies of his flock. It may be, these are not uncommon instances; it may be, no fault is seen in the custom; but I know those pieces of lace-work struck upon my heart, that day at Chelson, as being essentially wrong, applied to such a purpose. It was impossible not to have the eye diverted by the beauty of the embroidery; it was next to impossible to keep the mind from reverting to the motives which had induced the labor and the present to the young clergyman. They might make anti-macassars by the score, if they pleased, to decorate his chair, but when it came to the Lord's table—oh, Alfred! Alfred!

"Who worked—*those?*" I asked, as we were walking home across the churchyard.

"Augusta Dove." He knew well, you see, to what I alluded. "That young lady in blue, two pews to the left of you."

"Alfred, it is shameful; they ought not to be displayed there."

"I thought they ought not, at first. But the ladies were so pertinacious over it, persuading me there could be no possible harm in an innocent piece of industry. So I yielded."

"I wonder where this will end? It seems to me that you run, blindfold, to meet them half way."

Perhaps my brother's conscience struck him, for he remained silent. He probably felt that he had fallen irrevocably into the meshes of the Chelson maids and matrons, and was powerless to extract himself.

CHAPTER II.

There seemed to be no end of work in the parish; more, certainly, than there need have been, to bring forward so little result. A treat was in agitation for the Sunday-school children, and if there was one meeting held to consult about it, there were a dozen; Alfred in the chair, and the ladies round. Meanwhile, we were invited to a grand evening party at Mrs. Zink's. But when the evening came, and seven o'clock struck, I had to go alone, for Alfred had been fetched out to a sick parishioner.

They were up in arms when I entered by myself, all the room. Oh, where was Mr. Halliwell? What was the matter? Was Mr. Halliwell not coming?

"Who is he called to?" asked Mrs. Hook, when I explained.

"Sally Davis, I think Jim said."

"There! that old creature is always being taken ill!" uttered Mrs. Zink. "Do you remember at the Jones's party in the Christmas week, when we were all so comfortable, dancing a quiet quadrille on the carpet, there came a message from Sally Davis that she feared she should not live till morning, and dear Mr. Halliwell was forced to go to Back-lane, through all the cold, in his thin shoes? She is never contented but when she is having prayers read to her. They ought to put her in the workhouse."

"I hope my brother will never feel his duties irksome," I ventured to observe.

Just then a young gentleman swung himself into the room with a discontented air, and dropped into a vacant chair next me.

"I say," he whispered in my ear, a minute afterwards, "is not this precious slow?"

"Do you think so?" I politely replied.

"What has taken the parson that he is not here yet? Do you know?"

"Mr. Halliwell has been called out to some one who is ill. He may not be able to come at all."

"My! you don't mean that! Won't they be savage! That serves ma right, for not letting me go boating. Because some of us fellows upset a skiff, the other day, and got a ducking, she swore I should never go near the water again. We had made up such a jolly rowing party for this evening, and when I was stealing off to it, she pounced upon me in the hall, and we had a regular shindy. I told her I would go, so she laid hold of me and hallooed out for the governor, who came from the office and put in his spoke, and they made me dress and come in here."

"Are you Master Zink?"

"I am Mister Zink, if you please," returned the young gentleman. "When a fellow's going on for seventeen, I should think that's old enough to be mister. I say, though, isn't it a game, about the parson? They have been mad over this blow-out; trying on dresses, figuring off before the glass, practising songs; all for him. And now he doesn't show. By Jove! if it's not good! There's more fuss made with that parson than with all Chelson."

"Who is that?" I asked, thinking it might be well to turn the conversation, and directing his attention to a quiet-looking girl in lilac muslin.

"That! That's Mab."

"Who, sir?"

"Mabel Zink, my sister. The missis" (Mister Zink's familiar name for his mother, I found,) "keeps her in the background till Mat and Fan are got off. I say, how old should you think Mat is?"

"I heard your mamma say that Miss Zink was turned twenty."

"And a jolly long turn, too. She was twenty-seven last birthday, and Fan's going on for twenty-five. Why, Mabel's twenty!"

"But don't you think we might talk about something else?" I interrupted. "Your sisters may not like to have their ages discussed."

"They can jump it. Mat and Fan nagged out as loud as the missis against my going boating, but I said if they made me come in here I'd spoil sport. They fight and scratch each other, after the new parson; metaphorically, you know, but they'd like to do it in earnest, if it could be kept from his ears. The missis favors Matilda, because she's the eldest, and it is her turn to go off first, but he may have the pick of the two, I can tell you."

"Are you fond of singing?" I asked, thinking that might divert the young gentleman.

"Yes, I am, over the left," retorted Mister Zink. "I get rather too much of it for that. Mat and Fan are squalling against time from morning till night, since they found out the parson had a voice. I told them to-day that if they thought to hook him by noise, they might find themselves in the wrong box, for which I had to make a bolt. I wish he had never come near the place, I do."

"I am sorry he should be so unfortunate as to have displeased you."

"It is so naggering, you see," proceeded Mister Zink. "A fellow was left free as a hare, before, but deuce a bit of that, now. One hallooa out, 'Tray, go and change those dirty boots; Mr. Halliwell's coming to tea.' Then the other screams, 'Tray, for goodness' sake go and make yourself decent! what an object you are! your head's like a mop! we expect Mr. Halliwell every minute.' Last night we had a sharp quarrel over it. I wanted Tom Fisher in. They said rude chaps like Tom Fisher were not society for the parson, and wouldn't let him come. So I walked myself out, and never came in till half-past eleven, and got a rowing from the missis and the governor. And one dare not leave as much as a flea in the drawing-room. I put a fishing-rod in the corner the other day, and they squealed after me as if it had been a serpent: 'Now, Tray, don't bring those things here! we can't have this room made into a litter, Mr. Halliwell may be calling.' I thought a parson was a peaceable man. I should be ashamed, if I were one, to cause the rumpus in a house that he does in this."

"But really it appears to me that the 'rumpus' is not his fault."

"Well, I know I'm sick of it, and I wish he would marry one of the girls and put a stop to all the humbugging. I shouldn't care whether it was one of my sisters or anybody else's—though precious glad I should be for those two eldest to cut it out of here. Shall you try for him now you are come?"

He put the question so quaintly (in a joke, as I supposed), that I could not avoid laughing.

"If you don't, you'll be an exception to everybody here. I'm sick of the idiots. I think Mab's making up to him on the sly. There's the same row going on in the other houses, over him, as there is in this. Have you not twigged it at Mother Farley's?"

"I have not been to Mrs. Farley's yet," I answered.

"Not been—why, who do you mean to say you are, if you are not living there? Arn't you the little Farley's new governess?"

"No, I am Mr. Halliwell's sister; staying at the vicarage."

"Oh, my eye!" exclaimed the young gentleman, staring at me with a blank look of amazement. "Well, I have put my foot into it! I'll make myself scarce. Not that I care, ma'am, if you do tell the parson," he added, coming back again after springing from his seat. "The missis and the girls will believe me for another time, that when I say I'll spoil sport, I mean to do it."

He crossed the room to his sister Mabel, telling her, no doubt, of his mistake, and what had transpired, for, as he whispered, the girl's cheek turned crimson, and she glanced her eyes at me. Presently he commenced to drag her across the room towards me.

"Now, Tracy! now, Mabel!" exclaimed Mrs. Zink, "what are you about?"

For answer, Master Tracy pushed his sister into the seat he had vacated by me, and in the bustle of this Alfred came in. He was rapturously received, and requested to "sit here" and "sit there," but he drew a chair near to us.

"How is it you never come to the working parties?" asked Alfred of Mabel.

She blushed so prettily, indeed she seemed to do nothing else but blush, and looked at him with her shy eyes. "Mamma thinks Matilda and Fanny enough to go—that I should only be in the way. And perhaps she is right, for I do not like work."

"You are very different from every one else in Chelson," returned Alfred. "They like nothing so well."

"I like fancy work," said Mabel.

"And music?" I asked.

"Oh yes, and music. I like that better than anything. I wanted to make acquaintance with you before, Miss Halliwell, but they would not give me the opportunity. I wish you would invite me to spend an evening all alone with you at the vicarage. Mamma and my sisters will never bring me of their own accord."

"Come to-morrow evening," interrupted Alfred.

"Oh, if I might!" she uttered, clasping her hands with the prettiest expression of helplessness. "If you could but get leave for me, Miss Halliwell!"

We had some music after tea. Nearly every one in the room sang except myself and Mabel. I could not, and she was not asked. I got permission for her to come the following evening. Mrs. Zink was inclined to substitute Matilda, but I pressed especially for Mabel.

Accordingly, the next afternoon Mabel came to the vicarage. I thought her a very nice girl, such simple, winning manners. We got her to sing, though we had no instrument, and I was truly astonished when I heard her voice. It was of rare quality and had been well trained.

"The school-treat is arranged at last," Alfred remarked, in the course of the evening. "It is to be next Monday, in Clebbery Ground. The children will enjoy themselves in the open air so much more than in the confined school-room. Clebbery—"

"Do not tell me about it," interrupted Mabel, in an earnest, almost impassioned tone. "It will only make me long to go."

"But you will go, will you not?" said Alfred.

Mabel shook her head.

"I am not allowed to go out with Matilda and Fanny. It is hard to be put aside for them always, and I feel it."

She raised her charming eyes to Alfred for one moment, and when they dropped, their eyelashes were glistening with tears.

At eight o'clock a servant arrived for Miss Mabel. When she was ready, Alfred said he would walk with her.

"Oh no, indeed, thank you, Mr. Halliwell," she returned, coloring crimson, "pray do not think of taking *me*."

"Why not?" asked Alfred.

"If it were any one but me—of course—but they will say I have no right to monopolise your time, or to give you trouble."

Alfred laughed, drew Mabel's arm through his, and I watched them along the churchyard, the maid following.

The next Monday rose delightfully, and amongst the many faces assembled in the school-room, ready for the departure to Clebbery Ground (a rural spot for pic-nics, as a convenient distance from Chelson), was Mabel Zink's.

"Oh, thank you!" she whispered, coming up to me, "it is all owing to your message that I am here. Mr. Halliwell gave it to mamma, so she could not do otherwise than let me come."

I did not remember sending any message, but I thought it very kind of Alfred to beg for Mabel.

The younger children went in a large covered wagon, with the provisions; the elder walked; as did all the visitors, such a many of us! We got there at twelve, amused ourselves for an hour or two, and then had dinner. Afterwards we dispersed, some to one part of the grounds, some to another. Mrs. Zink took her station in a grotto, and went to sleep. I sat on the folded stump of a tree outside it, and my memory wandered back to bygone years; years that for me never would return. Suddenly we were both startled: Mrs. Zink out of her sleep, and I out of my waking dreams, for Miss Zink came dying up in a state of excitement, darted into the grotto, sank down on the seat by her mother, and went into screaming hysterics.

"What in the name of fortune is it?" cried Mrs. Zink. "What has come to you, Matilda?"

Miss Zink made no answer, but shrieked and kicked so violently, that Mrs. Zink seized her head, and I caught hold of her feet.

"Have you been stung by anything?" questioned the wondering Mrs. Zink.

"Yes, that's it," screamed Matilda.

"Whereabouts? Was it a wasp?"

"It was a man."

"A man! Good patience, Matilda! whatever can you mean?"

"A man, and a sister," persisted Miss Zink.

"Oh, the wickedness! Oh, the treachery!"

"Has Fanny done anything?"

"Fanny! I wish it had been. It is that sly, smooth Mabel. I told you not to let her come. I went into that opening, by the beeches, and there" (shriek!) "I caught them together, making love." (Shriek, shriek!) "He was kissing her" (shriek, shriek, shriek!), "he was, mother, as true as we are here!" (Shriek, shriek, shriek, shriek!)

"I'll lock Mabel up, my dear, as soon as we get her home. Who was kissing her? Mr. Spriggs?"

"Not that stupid Simon!—he never kisses anybody. It was Mr. Halliwell. Somebody ought to write to his bishop."

Mrs. Zink screamed, in echo of her daughter, and I was so petrified that I let go Miss Zink's feet.

"I never heard of anything so demoralizing as for a parson to kiss," sobbed Miss Matilda. "I wonder where he learnt it? Not in the Commandments. He had got his arm round her, and his face glued to hers. Emma Farley and Augusta Dove saw it as well. Of course, he will never attempt to face us from the pulpit again! He must buy a mask."

"I don't believe it," cried Mrs. Zink, who had been collecting her scattered senses. "You must have seen double, Matilda."

"We saw single enough," replied the young lady, roughly. "After everything we have done for him! run and reved ourselves to death, over disgusting parish business—contaminated our fingers, sewing for those beastly grubs of charity children—had him to our house at all hours and all meals—learnt new songs for him—worn new dresses for him—and to be served in this treacherous way! to be despised and deserted for that little wretch of a Mabel!"

With the last words, Miss Zink recommenced the dance of her legs. I thought I would leave the grotto, and was gliding from it, when I saw my brother with Mabel on his arm.

"Hester," he sang out, "do you happen to know where Mrs. Zink is?"

"She is here."

"Don't come in!" screamed Miss Matilda, as they appeared at the entrance—"don't contaminate us with your presence. Oh, you false—thieves!"

I do not remember all that passed, but I know Alfred said that Mabel had promised to be his wife, if her father and mother had no objection. It was Miss Matilda, he intimated, who had caused him to speak so soon; otherwise he should not have entered upon it till the following day at their own house.

To describe the discomfiture of the pic-nic party when the news spread, is beyond me. Could they have shaken Alfred in a bag, it might have relieved their feelings, in a measure; but to shake Mabel to the bottom of the sea, and leave her there, would have relieved them more effectually. Mrs. Zink alone was composed: when her disappointment about Matilda went off, she was in a quiet glow of triumph.

"It is the most unsuitable wife your brother could have chosen," said Mrs. Rice, seizing on me, and speaking in a confidential tone, "and I am not actuated by their motives in saying so, for my girls are all under ten. Mabel Zink ought to marry a rich man, who could keep her in idleness, for she is an incapable do-nothing, and she will never be anything else. He had better have taken Matilda."

"Mabel is young," I rejoined.

"Quite old enough to have distanced the others in the race," quoth Mrs. Rice, significantly. "She laid her plans deeper than any of them, and she has won the prize."

"Mabel Zink never strove to win Alfred!" I exclaimed.

"So you may think," answered Mrs. Rice. "I have seen a good deal, living, as I do, next door to the Zinks, and always running in and out. Mabel was kept back by her mother, but she put herself forward. She would steal an interview with your brother in the hall, and chatter to him; she would meet him out of doors; in fact, they were always meeting, and she would put on her pretended-shy, attractive, modest ways. I heard her invite herself to your house that evening, and saw through it. Not a young lady in Chelson has labored more insidiously to catch him than has Mabel Zink."

These words troubled me very much, but I said I hoped she would make my brother a good wife.

"Not in the prudent sense of the word," observed Mrs. Rice. "Mabel can spend money, but she has no idea of saving it by domestic management. Why, she could not iron a pocket handkerchief, or hardly hem one. And she will have no fortune: it is well known that old Zink lives up to his income; some say beyond it. Rely upon it, this is the worst day's work she and your brother ever did. To fix on each other is to prepare for struggles and poverty."

Mrs. Rice left me, and Mabel ran up to say they were preparing to go home. An impulse I could not restrain urged me to speak to her. "My dear Mabel," I said, "I fear you and my brother ought not to think of marrying, at least yet. Do you know how very small his living is?"

"Two or three hundred a year."

"Two or three hundred a year!" I echoed, breathlessly. "Wherever can you have received so false an estimate of his income? They call it £170, but there are outgoings, and it does not bring him in more than £150, all included."

"Oh, that's lots!" cried Mabel. "A hundred and fifty! it is more than we can spend. And there's the house as well."

"You do not know the value and uses of money. You—"

"Yes I do," interrupted Mabel. "Mamma allows me fifteen pounds a year for my clothes, and I have to eke it out by all sorts of contrivances."

"Dear Mabel, there are expenses in a married life you little foresee or think of, and they come on very soon. Pray believe that I am full of love both to you and Alfred, when I suggest that you should reconsider matters, and look to consequences."

"It will be quite fun to economize. I shall like it. As good as our gipsy party here to-day."

"No, Mabel, it will not be fun. You will find that you have plunged yourselves into difficulty and trial."

The nearest approach to a pout or frown that Mabel Zink had ever suffered me to see on her face, it wore then. "You are dissatisfied with me: you wish he had chosen Emma Farley, or Polly Hook, or perhaps Matilda! You detest me for winning him, and don't like me at all."

"My dear Mabel, the very fact of my speaking thus to you proves that I like and esteem you; otherwise my remonstrance would have been made to Alfred. I only ask you to reflect, to deliberate, and I urge it for your sake rather than for his; for in a home of poverty the daily crosses and privations fall more heavily upon the wife than the husband."

"There's nothing to deliberate upon," was Mabel's impatient answer, as she ran from me. "Mr. Halliwell's living is plenty to begin upon, and he is sure to get a better in time. St. Paul's is worth £1400 a year."

"Good night, Miss Halliwell," said Mrs. Hook to me, in a supercilious tone, as we gained the town and halted at her door. "A pleasant day we have had! Excuse me," she continued, lowering her voice to a whisper, "but if ever there was a Tom Noodle in this world—and he must forgive my saying it—it is your brother, for being taken in by that sly cat of a Mabel Zink."

"I wish you a good evening, ma'am," stiffly said Mrs. Dewisson, as we came in turn to her door, while her daughter offered me only one finger to shake; "present my compliments to your brother, and say I wish him joy of his bargain. And I wish Miss Matilda well through her disappointment, for she had set her whole heart and mind upon him. I hope she won't get brain fever."

"The same to you,"—was the cool reply, when I afterwards said good-night to Mrs. Farley. "If everybody was of my mind, Miss Halliwell, they would bring a general action against your brother for breach of promise, and I shall not hesitate, to-morrow, to avow my opinion publicly. What business had he to accept all the presents and the anti-macassars, if he knew he had got his eye on that deceitful, die-away Mabel Zink? It would be dishonorable conduct in any man, but it is positive dishonesty in a clergyman."

Before dinner-time the following day, notes had arrived from three-and-twenty ladies—they begged to resign all future aid or participation in parish business. In drawing the ink towards him to write the answers, Alfred spilled some over one of the white chair coverings. "It is nothing," said he, in his dreamy way.

"Put this into cold water, Betty," I exclaimed, running with it into the kitchen. "You must be careful of these, Alfred," I said, when I returned: "you will get no more of them, or of anything else."

"No!" answered he; but there was a quiet smile on his face, as if he had been more awake to the by-play carried on than had been generally thought.

No. When a clergyman makes known to his congregation that he has chosen a wife, you may rest assured that he will be troubled with no more anti-macassars.

ON A VERY SMALL MAN NAMED MOORE.

'Tis right, my friend, you should be More,
For truly I confess
It would not be an easy task
To make you any less.

☞ After the recent departure of the French troops from the military camp near Boulogne, any number of cats and dogs were left behind, and fell victims to the laws' dread decrees. But the butchery of rats was terrible. The people of the neighborhood, fearing to be eaten out of barns and houses, by the devouring race, united in one horde, turned out en masse, and a regular battle of the rats took place. It ended in the death of four thousand of them—that many rat tails being tied in bunches and counted.

☞ In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, composers seemed to vie with each other in writing low music, which is often found as low as double D or C; but in the 17th, there was a great rage for mounting upward; singers were found who sung to G in altissimo, and some even higher.—*History of Music.*

☞ Gerald Massey, whose charming "Ballad of Babe Christabel" was so warmly received a couple of years ago, has announced a new poem, entitled, "Craigcrook Castle," to be published this month. The scene is laid in the neighborhood of Edinburgh, where the poet has resided for some time.

☞ Among the literary treasures in Durham Cathedral, is a book, with the cover executed in needlework by Lady Arabella Stuart, niece of Mary Queen of Scots, and granddaughter of Henry the Seventh, who died a lunatic in the Tower, a victim of State policy. She was a well-educated woman, and worked the cover to show her respect for Greek and Hebrew learning. Her handiwork is now a little tattered, and one day, a lady visitor to the Cathedral, being admitted to the library, with a woman's kindness and love of neatness, offered to "mend the cover"—an offer which, of course, was declined.

☞ The children of the Church Education Schools in Ireland—30,000 in number—have been instructed by their teachers to destroy every weed they see. Good instruction.

☞ The lengthening of the evenings is said to be favorable to courtship. Several young ladies have complained of sore lips, thought to be occasioned by sitting up late at night.

☞ Mourning in Belgium is only worn for a deceased relative by those survivors to whom he has bequeathed legacies, or whose circumstances have in some way been benefitted by his death; so that it is by no means uncommon for persons to be congratulated the moment they appear in black upon the inheritance they are imagined to have acquired, and the amount of which is supposed to correspond with the depth of the crape worn on the occasion.

☞ A man fell overboard from a steamboat. The captain only asked, "Has that man paid his passage? If he has, go ahead! I did not put him overboard."

☞ The difference between Perseverance and Obstinacy—one is a strong will—the other a strong wont.

☞ Punch says a kitten should always be kept where there are children; when they grow tired of pulling its tail, they can put it into their father's boots. A box of colors is also a source of great amusement, affording them an opportunity of daubing their faces, and appearing in illuminated pinafores. It is also well to let them know where the preserves and pickles are kept, so that when going after the jam, they may get a bite at a capsicum. On wet days they should be allowed to put peas in the piano, and thump the keys with their drumsticks.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1856.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for It, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We know nothing of such an association as the "Howard Association."

NEW TYPE.—Having occasion to renew our type, we have gone back to the old size—finding that which we have been using lately too small to be read with ease and safety to the eyes. We trust our subscribers will like the appearance of the paper in its new suit.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The late advices indicate quite an unsettled condition of affairs in Europe. What with the difficulties relative to the boundary line between Russia and Turkey—and "peremptory" letters from England to the Czar relative thereto—further difficulties with Naples, because she will draw the cords of her tyranny so tight that the blood starts, and outrages even Louis Napoleon's feelings—and, moreover, difficulties of a financial character in France itself—there seems to be trouble brewing on the Continent, which may again involve the peace of the world.

As a sign of the times, we notice that in Naples it is the mouth and tail of the State—the King and the Lazzaroni—who are leagued together against the middle and liberty-loving classes of society. We read in the *Gazette Autrichienne*—"Letters from Naples state that a committee of resistance has been formed in that city, and is enrolling the lazzaroni by means of pay. It is sought to make a demonstration which shall frighten the enemies of the Government, at the time of the appearance of the fleets of the Western Powers, and scenes similar to those of '48 are threatened. At the head of the committee figure the well-known names of Mazza, Morbilly, Merenda, Campagna and Albano." A letter from Genoa, in the *Constitutionnel*, further says:—

"In Naples, the third city of Europe, according to its population, an order of things extremely unnatural now exists—it is democracy closely united with absolutism—it is the lazzaroni shouting 'Long life to the absolute King!'—it is the red cap and the crown put together. Meanwhile the lazzaroni are organized and paid by the police. All this ought to hasten the arrival of the Anglo-French ships, for it is necessary to afford an asylum to the many French and English settled in Naples. There are also some Piedmontese, and Piedmont is going to send four of her frigates with the four ships and four frigates of Great Britain and France."

That the *Constitutionnel* should term such an alliance an "unnatural" one, is rather amusing, when the history of France itself affords such a recent instance of the same thing. It was "democracy" in France, acting through Universal Suffrage, which brought in Louis Napoleon as President, and afterwards sustained him in thrusting aside the Legislative power, and declaring himself Emperor. "Extremes meet" is an old adage, and one which the history of almost every European nation will illustrate. Why, at the present moment, the Emperor of Austria, and the Czar of Russia, have no more devoted adherents and supporters than those upon whose naked shoulders the whole weight of their iron tyrannies would seem to rest.

But Louis Napoleon, alas, it appears, has his own difficulties, and doubtless now realizes that

"Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown."

How ineffably stupid it seems to a sensible man, this ambition which leads men to endure so much anxiety and care, for the sake of being looked up to, and called King or Emperor. Considering the matter from the merely selfish point of view, what madness of folly it seems. Only as a solemn duty, from which his conscience will not allow him to escape, can a sensible man think of the assumption of such terrible, soul-wearing responsibilities. Thus was it that Cincinnatus and Washington accepted their high powers—gladly laying them down again as soon as the peril which menaced their country had past by.

Financial troubles in France nearly always presage political ones. Carlyle says, treating of the great French Revolution, "The end of every Lie is Bankruptcy." Beneficent Nature, after a while, gets tired of supporting a state of things not based upon the Virtues and Realities—for Virtue, Truth, is the only thing Real in the world. And thus expensive and rotten aristocracies and tyrannies fall at length to the earth, weakened by the opening of the great flaw of bankruptcy, inherent in them from the beginning. Not that we believe that all aristocracies and monarchies are necessarily tyrannical and rotten—for they often seem the best institutions for certain races and nations. A republic, with universal suffrage, is a stern test to which to put the intelligence and virtue of a people. If they have not the true metal in them, and enough of it, too, they must fail—as France has failed repeatedly; and as a large portion of Europe failed in 1848.

And Louis Napoleon now seems to hesitate between two things—hesitates with the caution of a man who knows that he may have to pay for a false choice with his head. Shall he enjoin upon the Bank of France to save itself, at the risk of a general bankruptcy among the commercial and speculating classes, depending himself upon the good will of the masses, and on keeping that good will at every cost—or, shall the bank suspend specie payment, and thus put off the evil day for a time? Well does he know that it probably would be a mere putting off—that the day of reckoning, like the day of judgment, always comes, sooner or later, and often only the more inexorable and terrific for a transient delay. Louis Napoleon is a cunning man—perhaps even a sagacious one—let us wait and see how he will weather the storm.

☞ "G. C. F.," of Williamsburg, Ohio, wants to know the best mode of raising sweet potatoes—time to plant—best kind of manure, &c. Cannot some one of our Jersey readers answer?

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

The following, from the Buffalo Medical Journal, is worthy the attention and consideration of parents:—

While our sanitary police is engaged in inspecting emigrant boarding houses, the tenant houses of the poor, and in ferreting out the causes of disease in alleys and unventilated courts of cities, equally fruitful sources of ill-health exist among our higher classes, producing evils as serious and as lasting.

A few weeks ago we were called to see a young girl suffering from general debility, neuralgic pains, vertigo and headache. She had just returned from a boarding school in a neighboring city, where she had spent only a month, before her health, previously good, failed. On inquiry we found the routine of the school to be as follows, and to be certain of the correctness of her account, we have made inquiries of others familiar with its management:

The pupils rise at five in the morning. They study from five to seven o'clock. From seven to eight o'clock they have breakfast. From eight in the morning to two P. M. is spent in the school-room, a period of six hours. At two they have dinner; and from three to five are allowed to walk or take other exercise. From five to six they study; at six have tea, and then study from seven to nine, when they are sent to bed.

Their diet is light and unsubstantial, and their appetites under such a regimen are as feeble as the diet.

Now, here the day of a young, growing, spirited school-girl is divided into periods of seven hours for sleep, three for meals, two for exercise, and twelve for study. Every person under full adult age needs eight or nine hours sleep, and, in order that sleep should be healthful and refreshing, they require at least six hours of recreation and active exercise. The time for meals is sufficiently ample in the instance here mentioned, but to allow only two hours for exercise, and that in the afternoon, when heat and fatigue dispose them to rest, is positively murderous. And twelve hours study per day is at least five hours too much for any young person.

A child in full, vigorous health, will acquire more knowledge in six hours daily than in twelve, for full health and mental vigor are incompatible with the discipline we have described.

This system of education takes young, robust, romping girls, and transforms them to slow, languid, pale, worthless women. To acquire skill on the piano, a little bad French, and a namby-pamby knowledge of a few of the "English branches," they sacrifice health, energy, all capacity for the duties of womanhood, and not unfrequently life itself.

Such institutions as the above, should be called slaughter houses—for they murder both body and mind. When will teachers and parents acquire a little common sense relative to education? When will they learn that the first point of a successful education is health of body, and the second health of mind, and the third health of the moral nature, or soul. And health of mind must be built up, as upon a firm foundation, upon health of the body. It is not acting fairly towards the mind and soul to give them the troubles of a weak and enervated physical frame to contend with, as well as their own. For eventually, everything falls upon the mind and soul.

If, instead of two hours for exercise and twelve for study, as in the case mentioned above, there were twelve for exercise and two for study, we believe a much finer race of women, both physically and spiritually, would be the result. But, there is no need of running to extremes either way. Early morning study, and after supper study are alike an abomination. Let the regular study hours be from eight or nine in the morning till noon—and let the pupils be made to study while they are at it, with a will. Then let there be no tasks assigned that will occupy more than one hour more of each pupil's time—and let the rest of the day be for exercise, for music, for dancing, for games, for needle-work, &c.

One thing, now generally overlooked, should also be remembered—that there are many children who require less study and more exercise than the average of children. Because Sue, with a strong constitution, can flourish upon a small amount of out-door exercise, is no reason why Lizzie, who grows daily thin and pale, should have the same limited allowance of fresh air.

While we are upon this subject of the education of girls, we may be allowed to express our regret that plain sewing is not universally taught in our public schools. We are told that the women of the present day are lamentably deficient in this particular. That the great cause of there being so many "distressed needle women" is that there are so many who use their needles simply as instruments of murder—hopelessly ruining every shirt, vest, &c., which comes into their hands. We are told that there is always plenty of work at good wages for those who have been properly educated to the scissors and needle—and, knowing what difficulty there is in getting good seamstresses and tailoresses, we can well believe it. Now how much better that the girls in our public schools should be taught to sew well, and even to cut out and make garments, than many other things which they learn there. If the afternoon sessions were devoted entirely to the scissors and the needle, we think it would be a great gain both to the children and to society at large. Parents, it is evident, have much to learn upon this subject of education—but one thing, by this time, all should be prepared to grant as a correct starting point—that any plan which does not insure good bodily health, is a mistaken one.

MANNER AND MATTER.

A low bow and a very sweet smile, and a persevering shake of the hand. That may be all very sincere. It may also be the business preliminary of a man who wants to bargain you out of your eye-teeth; or the sly deceit of a slanderer who told a terrible lie about you a minute ago behind your back; or the habitual formula of a scoundrel in general.

This sort of outside form is good; but it is like all forms, most excellent as the vehicle and representative of a valuable substance. We feel the appropriateness of a beautiful box for costly jewelry; of legal instruments for recording and defining promises; of associations and meetings for public witness and performance of undertakings or of observances. But if these actual values themselves are gone, everybody hates or despises the hollow hypocrisy which is all that remains.

Real politeness shows everywhere. No profusion of bows and escortings and fan-holdings and waitings will prove him polite who would not make room for a sickly old woman on a crowded street or in a crowded conveyance. No elegance of manners will make him polite who plays them all off in crowded saloons, and is rude and scornful and impertinent—if he dares—where are the poor and the ill-dressed and the rustic. A tree must have roots as well as foliage and flowers, or it will hardly last long. The pleasant outside display of good manners, and elegant demeanor are foliage and flowers. Unless they spring from the strong stem and deep root of true manly goodness, firmly fixed in the inner heart, a little trial wilts them. They "have no root in themselves." Who would not prefer rough diamonds to shiny pebbles?

GEN. WALKER.—More fighting in Nicaragua—the Central American States having made common cause against that illustrious Filibuster, now engaged in "regenerating" the Isthmus, General Walker. Walker seems to have the best of it so far, according to the accounts.

MONUMENTS.

A perennial fountain would be a much better gift than one distributing water, no matter how large.

In general, the permanently fruitful is a quality diligently to be sought after in human establishments. By this quality or by the want of it, we may judge pretty correctly of a great many investments of capital, whether they are wise or mistaken.

Particularly in things commemorative; in gifts, monuments, and all memorials. For a gift, a landed estate or that which will secure it—an everlasting possession—has always been the most magnificent. Such was the great domain of Blenheim, and the splendid palace built upon it, which the English nation gave to Marlborough in return for the glory and power which he had won for it. Such, too, have been all the great feudal gifts which yet remain and are fruitful in all the kingdoms and old nobilities of Europe. And such were the gifts that have conferred power and influence and wealth not yet exhausted, upon the patrons and manorial proprietors of our own country. Yet further—such are the gifts most desired from our own generous nation to-day; and what endless machinations and infinite efforts are yearly bestowed to win from Congress the gift of millions of acres for a railroad company, or of hundreds for some individual applicant!

Next to this gift of what God has made, the most permanently fruitful things are recognized as the best gifts both to individuals and to nations, by a wisdom which coincides with instinct. Every person and every community rejoices most in that which shall remain and reproduce unending benefits. Barbarism is satisfied with the tumulus, the pyramid, the mausoleum; with more silent naked permanence. Civilization, with benevolence and foresight at once, desires the church, the library, the college, the institutional characteristic of usefulness.

Franklin's idea of lending a sum of money, to be lent by the borrower to somebody else instead of repaying it, and so on, was an instance. This was establishing a sort of little travelling institution to dispense deserved relief here and there, to endure until some misfortune or dishonesty should sink the invested capital. Other such instances are to be found in his life; and they abound in the actions of the most sensible and practical men; scholarships, libraries, academical endowments, the modern magnificence of Peabody's present to Danvers, of Cooper's Institute at New York, of Astor's Library, of Girard's College at Philadelphia, all gifts from men of the strongest and most powerful practical talent, are gifts perennial and useful.

Now argue from all these establishments to the monumental kind? Does it not seem better that if there is to be a memorial, it should be a living one, as well as a lasting one? Would not a name be longer and more lovingly and reverently remembered, which is associated with a daily blessing, conferred on many, than when it is only carved in silence upon some single stone?

We have no disposition to blame any devotion of money and labor which affection may prefer. We would not destroy a statue nor a temple, nor deface even the costliest tombstone. We are now considering more immediately memorials of national gratitude, or of such companies of admirers as follow a great poet or thinker, or, sometimes, a more humble though not less useful laborer for human progress.

In the minutes of the English "Committee of Council on Education," for 1845, it stands recorded that the gentlemen of Renfrewshire, in the south-west of Scotland, subscribed a sum nearly equivalent to ten thousand dollars, to erect a monument to Archibald Campbell, a faithful public officer. After consultation how to use it, the longheaded and practical Scotchmen, foreseeing and benevolent too, decided to construct and partly endow a noble public academy in the town of Renfrew. Even in so obscure an instance, who would not prefer the memories that will link themselves with Archibald Campbell's name in the hearts of many educated Scottish youth, to the faint impression that might remain if they had seen his name on a statue in the market-place, or a pyramid in the square?

Every day monuments are erected in our own country, to all sorts of people, at large expense. Who will commence the custom of making a monument out of an endowed scholarship for a poor boy in a school or college; a free library in some town that needs it; a good school-house where it is lacking; a course of lectures to endure for ever; any institution, which shall to all time repeat the name of the man remembered, and shall give lessons of wisdom, shall dispense happiness and progress along with it?

BISHOP ONDERDONK RESTORED.—The Episcopal Convention which recently sat in this city, restored, after a twelve years' recess—as we suppose we may call it—Henry U. Onderdonk, formerly Bishop of Pennsylvania, to his old office of Bishop. Bishop Onderdonk is completely relieved from the sentence of suspension, and can exercise Episcopal duties hereafter, whenever requested, as well as priestly or ministerial duties; but he has no jurisdiction whatever, having resigned the Diocese of Pennsylvania in 1844.

However, should Bishop Alonzo Potter request him to act for him, there is nothing to prevent his acceptance; nor is there any obstacle to his being requested to act as Bishop in any new field or diocese, if duly chosen. In either of these cases, no new institution will be required, and, of course, no reconsecration. Bishop Potter, it seems, was one of the most earnest in pressing a restoration. The vote stood as follows:—

For the Remission—The Bishops of Vermont, Tennessee, Wisconsin, Michigan, Louisiana, Western New York, Maryland, Delaware, New Hampshire, Alabama, Missouri, the Southwest, Pennsylvania, Indiana, (Assistant) Connecticut, Illinois, North Carolina, Oregon, Iowa, (Provisional of) New York, and Rhode Island—21.

Against—The Bishops of Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Georgia, (Assistant of) Virginia, Massachusetts, Mississippi, and South Carolina—8.

Absent—The Bishops of Connecticut, New Jersey, Maine, Florida, and California.

SEED-GRAIN FOR THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION. A Compilation by Mrs. ANNA C. LOWELL, Author of "Theory of Teaching," "The World As It Is, and As It Appears," "Thoughts on the Education of Girls," &c. In 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1856.

There is nothing superfluous in these volumes. They are made up of the pure gold of refined minds who express great thoughts without vanity or affectation. The views of the compiler were moderate and well directed. She wished to furnish subjects of value for the conversation of young people when they meet together. We have seen no work more suggestive and more useful for the purpose. The young, however, who have been well educated, are alone able to appreciate the value of such a work. It is of a high order and of an elevating tendency, and the aged and middle aged may gather lessons of instruction from its pages as well as the young. Parents who prefer the solid metal to the outside gilding of books, could not present to their sons or daughters a more valuable keepsake or Christmas offering than these volumes.

☞ John P. Jewett & Co., Boston, announce that they will publish shortly a new work by Miss Maria J. McIntosh entitled "Violet; or, The Cross and The Crown."

New Publications.

THE THREEFOLD TEST OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By WILLIAM R. GORDON, D. D. Tried, thrown and wanted in the balance, and art found wanting. Doc. v. 21. New York: Charles Scribner. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The author employs the threefold test of mental questions, internal evidence, and the Bible. He admits the phenomena of Spiritualism, but undertakes to show that the modern revelations are of diabolical origin, and not reliable. The work is the result of personal investigations, pursued among the mediums. Judge Edmonds, Governor Talmadge, and the apostles of Spiritualism are handled without gloves. It is a satisfactory treatise, and we recommend its perusal to those whose minds have been unsettled by the manifestations of the day, and who are anxious to obtain a truthful account of what many regard as astounding phenomena. Dr. Gordon, it seems, questioned the spirits very closely, and often drove them into difficult positions. He ascertained one thing from their communications—that there are spirits who personate the spirits of the departed, who are acquainted with events that happen in the sphere of nature, but who are immediately at fault when they are questioned about doctrines and the truths of revelation. He pursued his inquisitions in such a style as to involve them in perpetual contradictions, now affirming, and anon denying, the same propositions, different spirits asserting different things at the same time, and the same spirits asserting different things at different times, when the same points were in issue. The Doctor indulges in a tone of considerable exultation at the idea of having floored the spirits, and we have no doubt that he is well entitled to a laurel leaf, and perhaps a whole chaplet. He has shown the great antiquity of similar delusions; and his work, independently of the ingenuity and fidelity it exhibits, is interspersed with statements of deep interest, which seem well authenticated. There is an occasional coarseness of style which detracts from the general merit of the composition; and his new translation of Rev. xxii. 8, 9, varying the original meaning, does not reflect much credit on his knowledge of the Greek language, although he introduces his new and wholly unauthorized version with the *elegant* remark that it "*Perhaps is a pity to spill any man's broth, but, in this instance, we cannot help it.*" We recommend to the Doctor to consult his Screvellius and his Valpey, before, with a view to enforce an argument, he abandons the principles of grammar.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST, with Col. Fremont's last Expedition Across the Rocky Mountains, including three months' residence in Utah, and a perilous trip across the great American Desert to the Pacific. By S. N. CARVALHO, Artist to the Expedition. New York: Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau Street; Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co.

This is a work of considerable interest. The author seems to have availed himself of his opportunities, and surveyed everything in the course of his expedition with a curious eye. He kept a journal of its principal events, besides keeping up a correspondence with his friends, narrating his progress. The work before us is made up chiefly from the materials furnished by his journal and his letters. His account of Utah and its inhabitants is particularly piquant and amusing, and reliable, as most of the statements are made on the authority of the Mormons themselves, and gathered in conversations with them at their own homes. He animadverts with justifiable severity on those practices of the so-called Latter-Day-Saints, which he regards as "destructive of morality, female delicacy, and the sanctity of marriage;" and appends to his narrative several addresses, delivered while the author was at Utah, by President Brigham Young and his apostles, explanatory of the moral and ecclesiastical polity of the community.

POEMS. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. A new and complete edition. Boston, Ticknor & Fields. 1856.

These poems indicate at once the ripe scholar and the man of genius. His work is proof—and the critical remarks on the drama and the art of poetical composition, are worthy the attention of the student of poetry. He boldly confronts and refutes the dicta so rife at the present day that "the poet, who would fix the public attention, must leave the exhausted past, and draw his subject from matters of present import, and therefore both of interest and novelty." His opinions are clearly proved by argument, and beautifully established by example. His independent spirit rejecting the omniverous appetite of modern times for what is new and strange, seeks and portrays the grand and beautiful wherever it may be found; though we esteem it not the least of excellencies that he reverences the olden time that he has sat at the feet of the ancient masters of song, and trained his genius in accordance with their rules.

ORIENTAL ACQUAINTANCE; OR, LETTERS FROM SYRIA. By J. W. DE FOREST. New York: Dix, Edwards & Co., 321 Broadway. 1856.

This is a work to be read of a rainy day, when one wants sunshine within doors. Its style is graceful, dramatic, circumstantial and buoyant—a good substitute for a novel, containing facts that are "stranger than fiction," or such as are at least new to our American civilization. Those who do not care to take so long a journey as would land them in Syria, and who yet are anxious to know something of the existing customs, habits, and institutions of that celebrated land, they appeared to the mind of an intelligent and inquisitive traveller, who relates everything that he heard and saw, and everything of interest that happened to him, with a frankness, elegance, good nature and fullness of information [illegible] quite captivating, should procure, with and read Mr. De Forest's charming [illegible]

THE GOLDEN DAGON; OR, UP AND DOWN [illegible]; being passages of Adventure in [illegible] an American. New York: Dix, Edwa[illegible]

The writer is racy, and has an a[illegible] language, but the interest of [illegible] which are generally graphic, is m[illegible] the cockneyism of his style. He [illegible] and his design is too apparent. If he [illegible] to conceal his art, he might have accomplished wonders. We cannot pardon his affectation for the sake of his vigor, nor his verbiage on account of the wonderful command he has of the parts of speech. He has a gallant ship, but endangers its safety by spreading too much sail to the breeze, and yet there are parts of his work in which he contracts his canvas, and moves forward steadily and securely.

RAILWAY FOR HIGH VELOCITIES.—M. Jobard of Brussels, is of opinion that no insurmountable difficulties would be encountered in raising the ordinary speed of railway trains to 300 miles per hour, or five times the present velocity. He devises an extremely firm built carriage, three tubular boilers in front, supplying three of Ford's rotary engines, way six metres, (twenty feet) wide, wheels of twenty feet diameter, Dr. Cherries' preserved sleepers, car of thirty or metres length, central safety rail for sharp curves, Decoster's lubricator, Guerin's brake, and double steel surfaced rails and wheels. He anticipates diminution of *materiel* and increased speed—one carriage only would be [illegible] tween Paris and Brussels.

Paris Letter.

RUSSIAN REVENGES—UNPARALLELED LOYALTY—DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND—A PUZZLING QUESTION—A BARBAROUS SPECTACLE—WHAT A YOUNG LADY WOULD PROBABLY NOT HAVE DONE IF SHE COULD HAVE FORESEEN WHAT WAS COMING.

PARIS, Oct. 2, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The papers are not yet weary of describing the marvels of the festivities attendant on the Russian Coronation. After the great ball given to two thousand guests of the highest rank, on which occasion were displayed the whole of the golden dishes just presented to the new Czar, and described in my late letters, the Emperor gave a masked ball, to which twenty thousand people were invited; and a *fete* is announced at which two hundred thousand are to be present! The magnificence displayed by the Russians is such that the ambassadors of the other powers, who flattered themselves that the balls and dinners they were to give would make the polar bears open their eyes, are now said to be at their wits' end, and almost ashamed to attempt anything on their own accounts after such astounding splendors as those they have been allowed to witness!

A correspondent of the *Presse*, of this city, exclaims, in his astonishment and admiration over the two great entertainments that have just come off in Moscow, "Were I a king, and had given so splendid, so marvellous, so successful an entertainment, I would never venture to give another. I would let the triumph thus achieved remain in all the tradition of its glory to the end of my reign." Other eye-witnesses support the statements of this one; and all agree that whatever may be the sentiments with which Russia is regarded beyond its borders, the enthusiasm of the people for their Emperor is a species of adoration of which nothing can give an idea to those who have not seen the behaviour of the people, heard their cries, and witnessed their demonstrations of a frantic loyalty hardly to be understood by the inhabitants of other countries. An eye-witness of the following fact, among others of a similar character, vouches for its exact and literal truth. Sixty thousand small silver medals, worth about sixteen cents apiece, and commemorative of the Coronation, have been prepared for distribution among the populace of Moscow. One of the officers of the Imperial Household charged to scatter these precious medals among the crowd, was to have performed his mission on horseback, but the rain fell in torrents, and the nobleman in question preferred to go on his errand comfortably ensconced in an open carriage belonging to the Emperor's establishment, the great velvet bag, embroidered with the Imperial arms, and containing the medals, being placed on the seat before him. Arrived in front of the Cathedral, where the distribution was to take place, the nobleman stood up in the carriage and loosened the strings of the bag, intending to throw the medals out by handfuls among the crowd. But before he had time to make a single throw, the crowd had loosed the horses, broken the carriage literally to bits, torn the bag to shreds, and carried off every medal it contained! In the twinkling of an eye the whole deed had been done; nothing remained of the carriage or its contents, for the nobleman and his servants had taken to their heels and vanished with the same celerity that had been employed by the frantic loyalty of the populace!

The lower classes in Russia seem to have a special gift for this sort of work. Not only the people's feasts, described in my late letters, were inaugurated before one could cry "Jack Robinson," but on the day preceding the Coronation, when the Heralds-at-Arms went through Moscow in their superb dresses, and their horses accoutred to match, proclaiming the advent of the new sovereign, every shred of their bravery was stripped off them by the crowd, who will preserve every bit of cloak, and lace, and gold, and embroidery thus obtained, as a sacred relic and memento of their adored Tsar. Such blind, unhesitating man-worship on the part of the millions of that vast northern land, certainly forms a curious spectacle in these days of revolutions, steam, electricity, machinery and aspiration!

The journals of this city, who are dreadfully short of news since the peace, are busy discussing Prince Gortchakoff's inexplicable manifesto. They dub it a impertinence and bad taste of such a Cabinet, at such a time, but look upon it as a piece of empty vapouring, unless it be indeed a sham, as the partisans of Russia are hoping it will turn out to be. This document, and the conflicting news with regard to the sending of the French and English fleets to Naples, form the principal topics of the moment.

The complexion of masters and things in France presents a singular subject of contemplation; and it would be a shrewd prophet who should predict how the present phase of affairs is to wind up. The enormous and feverish development of industrial speculation which is looked upon with so much distrust by the practical people across the Channel, as the precursor of an inevitable smash, does not offer a more curious contrast with the material difficulties of the moment than do the demonstrations now being made by the Emperor on behalf of reform in Naples, with the utter contempt of all law, saving that of his own good pleasure, with which his inscrutable Majesty sacrifices the liberty of his own subjects. The [illegible] arrests in this city last week, are a faint reflex of the operations that have [illegible] on in other sections of the country. [illegible]en only, no less than 1,600 arrests [illegible]ade within the last fortnight, and of all have been transported, without [illegible] of a trial, to Cayenne. And all this [illegible]. The pullen do their work; the victims of a political opinion no longer [illegible]ant, or of the suspicion of the powers that be, are seized without any attempt at formality, thrown into prison, conveyed on board ship, and carried off to languish and die amid the horrors of a tropical exile. The facts are known only to the immediate connexions of the victims, the press is silent, and the huge machinery of society goes on as though nothing were the matter. But to suppose that such a state of things can last, is to forget the antecedents of the French people, and to be profoundly ignorant of the undercurrent of indignant opposition going on beneath the obsequious surface of the moment. A crash must come, a little sooner, a little later, according to the chances of the times. But the oddest part of the question to all who appreciate the many noble and delightful qualities of this intelligent, artistic, charming people, is the "what [illegible]" which every one asks, but which no one answers. A violent overturning, the momentary ascendancy of some one fraction of opinion [illegible] other, a deal of blood spilt to precious [illegible], are all one can foresee with any [illegible] France has no organization except [illegible]overnment; no national party, no po[illegible]n, no guarantee against domestic despotical programme. The next upbitter, fiery, sanguinary, beyond preceded it; but to what will it tend? What new inch of sound foothold for human freedom, and human happiness, will be conquered thereby, to serve in its turn as a vantage-ground from which to advance another step in the same direction? Serious questions these, but far more easily asked than answered.

Meantime the Emperor and Empress, with the "Providential" baby they are so proud of, are coming back to Paris in a day or two. A grand bull-fight has just been held in honor of the Empress, at Saint Esprit, on the other side of the Adour, opposite Bayonne. The area was fitted up with great splendor, the best *matadores* and *picadores* of Spain were sent for, and the finest animals procured for the exercise of their powers. The arena was excessively animated; the magnificent brutes duly despatched, according to the most orthodox laws of the arena, and the principal *matadore* having been dangerously wounded, nothing was wanting to complete the interest of the day. "The show went off as brilliantly as such a show could do," says the *Courier de la Gironde*, in its account of the spectacle, "and everybody connected with Spain was in a state of the utmost jubilation." But it cannot be denied that such a display is entirely out of harmony with the sentiments and tastes of this part of the world, and that a very decided sensation of disgust has been the feeling uppermost in the minds of our population.

The "Everybody connected with Spain," in the paragraph being, evidently directed against the Empress, the journal in question will no doubt receive a "warning" to be less free in its remarks for the future.

The Court is to pass the middle of this month at Compiegne, where grand hunts are to take place in the Imperial domains. A numerous company is to assemble at the palace, and among the expected guests are King Otho of Greece, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The Empress has the reputation of being excessively fond of the pleasures and excitements of the chase. Rumor attributes to her a passion for killing the poor animals that are at length brought down by the dogs; a cruel pleasure that it would be difficult to reconcile with the sweet and kindly expression of her face. However this may be, she is a splendid horsewoman, and in her younger days was renowned for her wild daring, high spirits, and reckless escapades. Of the highest rank on her father's side, (though her maternal relations are of the humblest class), immensely rich, and exceedingly beautiful, she was the queen of her circle, and many an odd tale is told of her doings in the days when she had no thought of marrying a crowned head, or indeed, if report says true, of fettering her liberty by marrying anybody. Biarritz was always a favorite with the young duchess, and all the region about the base of the Pyrenees was high in her favor and affections. One summer that she spent with her mother among these romantic valleys, attended as usual by a long suite of gallants, all ambitious of her smile, she spent nearly all her time on horseback, scouring the country far and wide, leaping precipices and torrents, and forcing her horse into the most dangerous places, where her gentlemen followers often hesitated to accompany her, and varying these excursions with the most daring and whimsical feats. One day (I have the anecdote from such authority that you may rely on its being perfectly authentic,) the beautiful hoyden galloped back from one of her wild rides to her inn, as usual, followed by her attendant gallants. Twenty officious young noblemen sprang to her bridle rein, to assist her from her horse; but she, placing her hand on the pommel, and looking round her with a merry smile, leapt lightly to the ground unaided by any one. A chorus of compliments to her agility were now poured forth by the disappointed, but admiring gallants.

"Oh, that is nothing!" she exclaimed, laughing, "any one of you does as much every day. But I should like to know which of you would dare to do this;" and, raising her habit, she ran into the inn, and up to the top of the stairs, and throwing one leg over the bannisters (she wore, as is usual among lady-equestrians, rigid-fitting leather trowsers, that completely shield the lower limbs from the friction of the saddle,) came down with one triumphant slide from the top to the bottom, to the utter amazement of her admirers!

Biarritz is a mere mass of brown, rugged rocks and cliffs, with a magnificent shore, and great breakers that are the danger and delight of adventurous sea-bathers. There is not a blade of grass, or a tree, for miles. It is a marine landscape, and nothing more, but splendidly fantastic and magnificent in its own bare, wild way. An attempt at a garden has been made around the Villa Eugenie, but in vain. The wind would blow every leaf off the shrubs as soon as they showed themselves; so the said shrubs prudently decline all such useless attempts, and remain guiltless of all effort to detract from the sullen majesty of rock and water. It is an exceedingly healthy, bracing air, partaking of ocean and mountain breeze; and the Imperial trio are said to be greatly set up by its invigorating influences.

QUANTUM.

☞ SCHOOLMASTER WANTED IN THE COUNTRY.—"Please, sir, mother won't have baby vaccinated, because it always turns to small-pox."

☞ USE FOR MOSQUITOES.—It is stated that Dr. J. L. L. Bledsoe, of New Orleans, has succeeded in training the larger species of mosquitoes known in New Orleans as "gallinippers," to perform all the objects hitherto only accomplished by the leech or the cupper. A dozen of these insects are equal to six leeches, and placed on the desired spot will at once commence to suck blood in the same way, and with far less trouble than the older institution. Nothing is said about the itching.

☞ MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—The Emperor of Russia, in his new manifesto, pardons the Poles compromised in 1831, so that the Poles may return to their country; but as for returning to the Poles a rouble's worth of their property, why the Poles must pardon the Emperor.—*Punch*.

☞ The Rev. Walter Colton, author of "Ship and Shore," has his very forcible illustration of the character of an officer on board the ship to which he was attached as chaplain, who was always meddling with other people's business, and who was seldom in his own places—

"I do believe," said Jack, "that at the general resurrection, the lieutenant will be found getting out of somebody else's grave!"

☞ The new metal called aluminium has become already cheaper than silver, and is sold in Paris for 30f. francs the kilogramme; but being very light, it will reach five or six times the extent of silver. Very nicely made tea and coffee pots, spoons, &c., are already to be seen in the shops of the jewellers of the French capital.

LATER FROM MEXICO—CAPTURE OF MIER BY VIDAURRI—SIEGE OF CAMARGO.—The steamer Charles Morgan has arrived, with Galveston dates to the 23d ult. From the frontier papers we learn that Vidaurri has captured Mier without resistance. He then marched against Camargo, which place is defended by 3,000 troops. Vidaurri's forces amount to 3,000 men, and several skirmishes had already taken place between the contending parties.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FINANCIAL TROUBLES IN FRANCE—NEAPOLITAN AFFAIRS—COTTON IMPROVED—BREADSTUFFS STEADY, &c.

By the Arabia, we have Liverpool advices to the 11th.

Parliament has been further prorogued to November 30th.

The English telegraph companies gave a banquet to Professor Morse in London, on the 9th—W. F. Cooke, Esq., presiding. Mr. Cyrus W. Field, of New York, was one of the honored guests. Among others present were Dr. O'Shaughnessy, Dr. Black, Captain Boecher, Gen. Wylde, Rowland Hill, Messrs. Dearing, Bright, Henley, Wollaston, and many others interested in the telegraph.

Professor Morse has succeeded in telegraphing over the united wires of the magnetic telegraph of the English and Irish Company, a distance of 2,000 miles, at the rate of two hundred and ten signals per minute; thus proving the practicability of an Atlantic communication.

The Bank of England, on the 6th, raised their rates of discount from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. on 90 days' bills, and to 7 per cent. for all bills of longer date.

Matters on the Continent are still in an unsettled state. "From Constantinople we hear that a French squadron is ordered to co-operate with the British fleet, as the Isle of Serpents question is not satisfactorily settled. An Austrian squadron is also ordered to Constantinople, at which place a telegraphic despatch had arrived from London for the entrance into the Black Sea of three steamers and six gunboats.

The London Times is commenting on Mr. Consul Cerwine's suggestion for the United States Government to seize on the Isthmus of Panama. It says such a proceeding would not be allowed by the British Government.

The Liverpool Courier is enlightening its readers on the danger of a dissolution of the United States. The following is his conclusion:—"At the case appears at present, the United States seem to be bound together by a rope of sand, which may be easily broken, and which may be felt by some of the States to be so unsatisfactory as to induce them to abandon the Union, to join themselves to Canada, and to acknowledge allegiance to Queen Victoria."

Touching the Neapolitan question, there is nothing new about it, unless it be that, instead of sending fleets to Naples, England and France will probably content themselves with sending a —note. The present appearances certainly seem to indicate that the whole affair will very likely end in smoke.

According to *Le Nord*, of Brussels, the Russian organ, the King of Prussia is so exasperated at the conduct and language of the Federal Government of Switzerland in the Neufchatel affair, that he threatens to proceed to the military occupation of the Canton of Neufchatel, in the event of the prosecution of the royalist prisoners not being suspended.

It was rumored that an autograph letter has been addressed by the Emperor of France to Queen Isabella, advising her Majesty, in the most friendly manner, to govern her people constitutionally, and to respect the liberty of the subject.

The government of O'Donnell is showing the greatest energy in the Mexican affair. The Queen has declared the child of the Duchess Montpensier to be the Infanta of Spain.

The Government is sending a strong fleet into the Mediterranean. It amounts to a total of 200 guns.

A letter from Pesaro, in the Roman States, dated the 10th of September, states that all the shops were closed in the morning, and various seditious notices posted up, in consequence of the Government summoning the tradesmen to pay the arrears of a tax on trades. At noon, however, it was announced that the tax was suspended, and immediately all the shops were re-opened and tranquillity restored.

NAPLES.—The London Post's Paris correspondent writes, on Monday evening:—"If I am correctly informed, despatches must have reached London showing the necessity of immediately sending vessels to Naples for the protection of British subjects. There seems no doubt that the police of the court, headed by Campagnia, have received orders to organise the Lazzaroni, with the view of attacking the property of any one who may be pointed out by their leaders. The Lazzaroni, of certain quarters of the city are said to have already received money from the court." The Times' Paris correspondent says, that the latest accounts from Naples describes the King as less disposed than ever to make concessions, while the fermentation in the public mind was at the highest pitch.

The direct news from Naples, to the 29th Sept., intimates that the King is still determined to resist all demands and remonstrances; but some of the German papers report that he has been induced to make certain concessions, and that De Martini, the Austrian Ambassador at Naples, will, it is hoped, complete what Baron de Hubner has commenced. Martini is the bearer of an autograph letter from Francis Joseph, in which the King of Naples is implored, in the name of the relationship between the two Courts, not to draw down misfortune, not only on Naples, but on the whole of Italy. Meantime Ferdinand has sent, or is about to send, a very voluminous despatch to the European powers, containing a defence of himself and his Governments.

Two English ships of war, with Admiral Dundas on board, were at Ajaccio, and more were expected.

The French fleet continued at Toulon.

A strong Russian fleet, commanded by the Grand Duke Constantine, is to go into the Mediterranean, merely as a guard of honor to the Empress's mother, in her tour in Italy.

A Spanish fleet is on hand merely as police of the Spanish Islands, and the Austrian squadron is to cruise in the Adriatic, solely for exercise.

AUSTRALIA.—An agitation was afloat for the assimilation of the tariffs in the Australian colonies. Both at Melbourne and Sydney the necessaries of life were exceedingly cheap, and agricultural produce was selling at prices which were not remunerative. At Sydney potatoes were unsaleable at 2s. per cwt.

It was hoped that the Chinese, who were very numerous in Victoria, might be induced to engage in making the railways.

Both in Melbourne and Sydney associations had been formed against government grants to religious denominations.

From South Australia we learn that the Legislative Council had been prorogued by the Governor, after having passed measures for initiating the new constitution. The Governor expresses his hope that the political power entrusted to the people, in the universal suffrage conceded by the new constitution, would prove a safe and conservative measure. Negotiations were on foot for connecting Adelaide with Melbourne by electric telegraph.

SWITZERLAND.—M. De Salinac Penelon, the French Ambassador to the Swiss Confederation, paid an official visit on the 1st inst., to M. Stampeli, the President of the Confederation, for the purpose of asking from him in the name of the French Government, an amnesty of the Royalists of Neufchatel. It is believed that the Federal Government would assent only on condition that the King of Prussia shall renounce his claims on the Principalities.

DENMARK.—The Fatherland newspaper, not a good authority, announces that the question of the Sound Dues is settled.

England and Denmark have come to an agreement that the Land Transit is to be reduced.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Oct. 10.—The Cotton market for most of the week has been quiet. But from The advices received yesterday, however, by the Atlantic, caused an improved demand, and the quotations for lower and middling qualities are at the close 1-16th higher, while various circulars made the improvement in fair qualities 1-8d. The sales of the week are 64,000 bales, of which 13,000 bales were taken on speculation, and 11,500 bales for export. The sales to-day (Friday) are 12,000, of which 5,000 bales are for export and on speculation. The closing quotations are—Fair Orleans, 7 3-4; middling do, 6 5-8d; fair Mobiles, 6 7-8d; middling do, 6 1-16d; fair Uplands, 6 3-4d; middling do, 6 1-16d.

The stock of Cotton at Liverpool, exclusive of that on shipboard, is 380,000 bales, of which 230,000 bales are American.

The accounts from Manchester represent the market quiet and firm.

BREADSTUFFS.—The weather has continued very wet during the week, and has occasioned an advance of 1d and 2d in the price of wheat and an improved demand for American flour, particularly for the finer qualities, which have advanced 6d per bbl. The Southern Flour closed steady, at the improved rates.

Corn was quiet, and the market was generally unchanged.

Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co.'s Circular quotes red wheat at 9s 6d; white 10s 6d. Western Canal flour 30s@32s. Baltimore and Philadelphia flour 30s@32s. Ohio flour 30s. Mixed corn 35s 6d@36s 6d; white 37s 6d@38s 6d per 480 lbs.

PROVISIONS.—The Circulars of Richardson, Spence & Co., Bigland, Athya & Co., and James McHenry & Co. agree in quoting beef as very dull, except for retail sales, and prices generally unchanged. Lard—The quotations are nominal at 77s and 78s.

NAVAL STORES.—In Common Rosin there is an average business, without quotable change. The market is steady at 4s 5d@4s 7d; fine Rosin 5s 3d@5s. Nothing doing in Turpentine and American Tar; Spirits Turpentine is quiet at 34s.

Queenstown Bark is slow of sale, but prices are unaltered.

In Molasses the business is small, but prices are firm at 26s.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—Messrs. Baring Brothers quote the London markets generally as steady. In Flour the advance has been chiefly on finer qualities, which are 1s higher; quotations range from 28s@37s. Wheat steady; red 9s@10s; white 10s@10s.

Iron—In Welsh bars and rails the sales have been unimportant. Rails £7 15s; bars £7 15s@£8; Scotch Pig 67s 6d.

Polar Whalebone has slightly declined; sales at 38s, on the spot, and 39s 6d@40s to arrive.

Rice—Carolina steady.

NAVAL STORES.—Crude Turpentine, 1,000 bbls. sold at 9s. Spirits Turpentine 33s., and holders demand an advance.

American Stocks quiet.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Oct. 10.—The Money market exhibits rather more stringency. The Bank returns show a decrease of bullion reaching £1,000,000. Consols for money are quoted at 91 @91¼.

LONDON, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 11.—The Consol market closed to-day at 92 for money.

Breadstuffs continue quiet.

For other articles the market is generally unchanged.

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—A Union Convention, in Harrisburg, on the 21st, endorsed the Joint Electoral Ticket. Gov. Pollock, Hon. Lemuel Todd, &c., endorsed the movement. How far, however, it will be sanctioned by the Fillmore men generally, must be left to the election to decide.

The following is the official vote in this State:—

	Canal Com.	Audit. Gen.	Survey. Gen.
Democratic,	212,925	212,408	212,043
Opposition,	208,172	209,261	208,866
	2,753	3,027	2,735

In the Senate, there is an Opposition majority of three. In the House there is a Democratic majority of six (according to the Opposition papers) and eight (according to the Democrats)—making a Democratic majority, on joint ballot, either of 3 or 5.

One Democratic member of the Legislature lost his election, in Washington county, by 9 votes; another in Mifflin by 25; another in Adams by 29; another in Franklin by 5; another in the Clinton, Lycoming, and Potter district by 23; and another in Chester by 17 majority.

To Congress, the Democrats elect 15 out of the 25, as follows:—

1. Thomas B. Florence, D.	14. Galusha A. Grow, Opp.
2. Edward J. Morris, Opp.	15. Allens White, Dem.
3. James Landy, Dem.	16. John J. Ahl, Dem.
4. H. M. Phillips, Dem.	17. Wilson Reilly, Dem.
5. Owen Jones, Dem.	18. John R. Edie, Opp.
6. John Hickman, Dem.	19. John Covode, Opp.
7. Henry Chapman, Dem.	20. Wm. Montgomery, Dem.
8. J. Glancy Jones, Dem.	21. David Ritchie, Opp.
9. A. E. Roberts, Opp.	22. S. A. Purviance, Opp.
10. John C. Kunkel, Opp.	23. William Stewart, Opp.
11. Wm. L. Dewart, Dem.	24. J. L. Gillis, Dem.
12. J. G. Montgomery, Dem.	25. John Dick, Opp.
13. Wm. H. Dimmick, Dem.	

The increase in the popular vote over the largest ever before polled—that of November, 1852—is 35,114. The following table shows the total vote for the Democrats and for the combined opposition, at the most important elections, within the past eight years:—

	1848. Pres.	1851. Gov.	1852. Pres.	1854. Gov.	1856. Gov. Con.
Democratic,	172,196	168,199	198,368	167,001	212,895
Opposition,	186,927	179,933	189,318	205,511	210,112
Total,	359,083	348,132	387,684	372,512	422,995

Mr. Mann contests the election in Philadelphia, alleging that he received a majority of 1,484 legal votes, and sets forth a large number of specifications alleging frauds in naturalization papers, &c.

FLORIDA.—Complete returns from Florida show the election of M. S. Perry, the Democratic candidate, as Governor, by 400 majority, over David S. Walker, American, and also Geo. S. Hawkins, Democrat to Congress, by 800 majority over J. M. Barker, American.

The Legislature is also Democratic, which secures a United States Senator, to succeed Hon. Stephen R. Mallory, whose term expires in 1857.

As compared with the Gubernatorial vote of 1854, the Democratic loss this year is about 600.

INDIANA.—We have returns from eighty-eight counties in Indiana, partly official, from which the Democrats claim the election of A. P. Willard, for Governor, by seven thousand majority. The Republicans give him 5,500. The Democrats have elected six members of Congress, and the Republicans probably five. The returns, however, are yet incomplete. The Indianapolis Sentinel has returns of the vote for Governor in nearly all the counties of the State, and says the Democratic majority will be over 7,000. The Democratic majority in the Legislature, on joint ballot, will be about 30, giving that party two U. S. Senators.

The Indianapolis Journal says that the Republicans have determined to contest the State election. The official returns from four-fifths of the State show a Republican increase over 1854 of 12,000, while the Democratic increase is 28,000. In the 9th and 11th Districts the Democrats have an increased vote of 6,000 in each.

OHIO.—The Congressional vote of Ohio shows the election of eight Democrats to the next Congress, and twelve Republicans. This does not include Mr. Campbell's district, whose election will be contested by Mr. Vallandigham, on the ground of illegal voting.

It appears that the Democrats of Ohio have increased their vote in thirty-three counties officially heard from, nearly 10,000; the Republicans have increased theirs 13,500, while the Fillmore vote has fallen off some 800. The total increase of votes thus far is about 23,000. Reported returns from all the counties in the State show that the Republican majority in the State will be about 18,000; not 30,000 or 40,000, as at first reported.

THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.—The following is a recapitulation of the elections for Congress this year up to the present time:

	Next Congress. Dem.	Opp.	Present Con. Dem.	Opp.
Missouri,	4	3	2	6
Arkansas,	2		2	
Iowa,		2	1	1
Vermont,		3		3
Maine,		6	1	5
Florida,	1		1	
S. Carolina,	6		6	
Pennsylvania,	15	10	6	19
Ohio,	8	13		21
Indiana,	7	4	2	9
	43	41	21	68
	21			21
Dem. maj. new C.	2	Opp. maj. old Con.		42

VERMONT.—Solomon Foote has been re-elected U. S. Senator for six years from the 4th of March next, by the State Legislature.

NEBRASKA TERRITORY.—Gov. Izard, of Nebraska, in pursuance of an act of the Territorial Assembly, has issued a proclamation for an election to be held in the several counties in that Territory on the 1st Tuesday in November, for thirteen members of the Council, thirty-five members of the House of Representatives, and three County Commissioners for each county.

"WHAT'S the difference between little Queen Vic And the shaggy dog's tail that is moving so quick? The difference is this—I say without bragging— The queen keeps her coach—the tail keeps a wagging."

—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

☞ THE COMING COMET.—Professor J. R. Hind writes to announce that "the reappearance of the great comet of 1556 is near at hand." He says: "Let me suggest to those who are provided with suitable telescopes, and are desirous of searching for this long-expected comet, that no time should be lost in commencing operations. Greater vigilance will be necessary in the winter months than during the summer."

☞ The Moscow correspondent of *Le Nord* says that on the day of the coronation, and at the moment when the cortege was entering the Kremlin, a magnificent pearl necklace, worn by Lady Granville, broke, and the pearls, each of which was of great value, were scattered at her feet. Her ladyship did not evince the slightest emotion at the circumstance, but proceeded on her way, leaving behind her the remnants of an ornament which would be a fortune to any one less wealthy than the lady of the English Ambassador.

☞ In fact, doing good was part of Florence Nightingale's nature, and it was stated that in her childhood the same desire to give relief to the suffering was portrayed in her character, while her favorite plaything was a model hospital, in which the beds and their patients were laid, with little waxen nurses over whom she presided.

NEWS ITEMS.

Three Frenchmen have been sent to prison at Coblentz, for non-payment of a heavy fine, for using unstamped cards whilst playing on one of the Rhine steamers. All travellers on the Rhine, who play at cards, must take care to provide themselves with packs bearing the stamps of each of the ten or twelve German States by which the Rhine flows.

PRUSSIC ACID.—A German paper asserts that Prussic acid only causes suspension of life a first, and that one who takes it can be restored to animation by the pouring of acetate of potash and salt dissolved in water, on the head and spine. Rabbits have been thus recovered.

A WHOPPER.—The Hartford (Conn.) Courant says there is a baby in that city, only five months old, and weighing one hundred and fifty-six pounds!

OFFICIAL ATROCITY.—A correspondent of the New York Times says that one of the inmates of Blackwell's Island prison, at that city, having lately offended one of the keepers, was buried to his waist in the earth, his hands tied behind his back, and there kept for two days without food, except a little bread which was put into his mouth by a poor lunatic.

SENTENCED TO THE PENITENTIARY.—Benjamin Hughes, of Halifax county, Va., charged with killing one of his slaves, was tried week before last, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Macdonald Stephenson, in Herepath's Railway Journal, proposes a great project, namely, the construction of a railroad from London to Lahore, in the East Indies, with but two breaks—one at the straits of Dover, and the other at the Dardanelles. The entire length of the line is stated at about three thousand four hundred and five miles, and the cost at about one hundred and seventy millions of dollars. If carried out, the distance between London and India will be reduced to a ten days' journey.

A LARGE FEE.—Captain Albert Pike, of Arkansas, is said to have recently gained a suit in the U. S. Supreme Court at Washington, D. C., on an Indian claim for $220,000, for which he is to receive the snug fee of $160,000, being one-half of the value.

ACCIDENT OF JUDGE MCLEAN.—Last Tuesday week, an omnibus was capsized near Cincinnati, Ohio, whereby, several passengers were severely injured, among whom was the Hon. John McLean. No one was dangerously hurt, however.

FATAL EXCITEMENT.—A young woman, named Temple, while laboring under great excitement at a religious revival in Vernon county, and giving utterance to her feelings in shouts, on Friday week, suddenly fell to the ground, dead.

The number of Hebrews in great cities is thus stated:—New York, 12,000; Philadelphia, 2,500; Baltimore, 18,000; Charleston, 1,500; London, 20,000; Amsterdam, 25,000; Hamburg, 9,000; Berlin, 5,000; Cracow, 20,000; Warsaw, 30,000; Rome, 6,000; Leghorn, 10,000; Constantinople, 80,000; Jerusalem, 6,000; Smyrna, 9,000; Hebron, 8,000. In Berlin there are 2,000 Christian Hebrews, also several thousands in England. There are 58 converted Hebrews among the clergy of the Church of England.

A MILD AUTUMN.—The Boston (Mass.) Journal says that wild raspberries of the second crop were picked by a correspondent at West Newton, in that State, a few days ago, and that if the weather continued favorable for another week, there would be a large yield. A crop of peas, also, had been raised from seed grown this year.

WHAT NEXT?—A speculator in Liverpool, England, has offered the city authorities $5,000 per annum, for the use of the lamp-posts, to post advertising bills on! The offer was not accepted.

WORTH A TRIAL.—A farmer in South Alabama advises persons smoking hams, to throw upon the fire occasionally a handful of china berries, which, he says, will be an effectual preventive against skippers. It is worth trying anyhow.

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—Early on Friday morning, Mr. Bradford Woodbury, when near New Bedford, Mass., in a covered wagon, was stopped by two highwaymen, rendered insensible by burning matches held to his mouth and nose, and robbed of a wallet containing $250. Mr. W. was with much difficulty restored to consciousness.

THE REV. JAMES V. WATSON, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, at Chicago, died recently, after an extraordinary and protracted series of bodily suffering (resulting from violent and almost unremitting attacks of spasmodic asthma, extending through a period of twenty years,) such as few men have ever been called upon to endure.

STRICKEN FROM THE ROLL.—On Saturday morning, in the Superior Court at Boston, Mass., A. A. Bradley, a colored lawyer, was stricken from the roll of members of the bar, and his certificate to practice was revoked, on account of mal-practice, on the petition of George R. Dwyer. Mr. B., who was only admitted to the bar about six months ago, has filed exceptions to the Court's ruling. So says the Boston Evening Ledger of Saturday.

THE FAIR SEX IN TURKEY.—A letter from Constantinople gives the following picture of the manners of the fair sex in Turkey:—The Turkish ladies in general, and those of the imperial harem in particular, have resolved to participate in the blessings of liberty awarded to the rougher sex by the Tranzimat. They have of late adopted a most transparent kind of yakmak, (veil,) and make an offer of their hearts to any young fellow who may happen to cross their path, whatever be his nation or creed. You may hear them arranging an interview from the talikas (the carriages of the country) with the greatest freedom.

A BUENOS AYREAN DUELLIST.—In the city of Buenos Ayres, D. Lucio Mancella, a member of one of the first and wealthiest families, and nephew of the ex-Dictator Rosa, recently challenged St. Marmol, another "first family" man, to fight a duel. For this crime he has been sentenced to three years' banishment from the province, and at the end of that period will be allowed to return upon giving bonds of 100,000 reals not to renew his challenge.

WOLF TENDING SHEEP.—A gentleman residing thirty miles west of San Antonio, Texas, has a live wolf, eight months old, which attends his stock of sheep in the same manner as a shepherd's dog, going out with them in the morning and returning with them at night. He was captured when young, and has been trained with the sheep.

There is a renewal of the report that Douglas Jerrold is on the eve of visiting the United States on a lecturing tour.

MEXICO.—On the 26th ult., an attempt was made, in the city of Mexico, to overthrow Comonfort's Government, but like all previous attempts of the kind upon the new President, it failed. The Government had knowledge of the contemplated movements and easily suppressed them, seizing a quantity of arms and probably arresting the insurgents.

A suspension bridge is to be built across the Mississippi, at St. Louis, Mo., to be eighty-four feet above high water mark, and more than a mile in length. The greatest distance between towers will be 1,800 feet, and the foundation of some of the towers will be 60 feet below the surface of low water. Mr. J. W. Bissel of Rochester, N. Y., has received the appointment of engineer. The bridge is expected not to cost less than two millions of dollars.

The first volume of Professor Agassiz's Contributions to the Natural History of the United States, will be published this month.

COLD-BLOODED VILLAINY.—Mr. M. H. Parker of Fayette county, Ky., lost forty-two mules and four fine horses, on Tuesday night, 14th ultimo, from poison administered by some miscreant.

The camels which were introduced in Texas are said to be doing finely, and are well adapted to the frontier service for which they are designed.

ILLNESS OF SENATOR CLAYTON.—The Delaware State Reporter says:—"Mr. Clayton, we understand, has been confined to his room, at the residence of Mr. Conoyge, in this town, (Wilmington,) for two or three weeks past. Of the particular nature of his complaint, we have not been informed, but his physicians think it doubtful whether he will ever entirely recover. On Saturday week he joined the Presbyterian Church, and took the sacrament, in his apartment, at Mr. Conoyge's."

THE HUNTINGTON FORGERIES.—The amount of forged paper issued by Huntington in New York, as far as identified already, reaches to over $600,000.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, it is said, has resolved to introduce the Gregorian calender into Russia, and thus to do away with the difference of twelve days between the old style and the new. This change will greatly aid the development of commerce between Russia and the rest of the Christian world.

MORMONISM.—Late European advices state that Mormonism is making such progress in Denmark, as to excite considerable alarm in the minds of religious and reflecting men. Petitions have been sent in large numbers to the Government, asking that the Mormons may be restricted from the more public practice of their ceremonies.

The New York Tribune has information from the Custom House officials to the effect that several slavers are being fitted out at that port, to take advantage of Gen. Walker's recent decree permitting slavery in Nicaragua.

Ex-President Van Buren, and his son, John Van Buren, were recently thrown from their carriage, by their horses taking fright and running away. One of the arms of the former was broken, and the latter was slightly injured.

TRAVEL TO CALIFORNIA.—The Pacific Steamship Company, running in connection with the Panama Railroad, has been very prosperous this season. Its net earnings for the past year have been about $800,000, which will afford a dividend of 20 per cent. and leave a surplus. It is reported that the spare steamships of this company will be put on the Tehuantepec route when that road is completed, which will be about the 1st of January. There will be a running of about 8,000 miles by this route.

DEEPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—The contract with the Government of the United States, through the Engineer Bureau of the War Department, for opening the Southwest Pass and Pass a l'Outre, in the Mississippi river, to a depth of twenty feet, and a width of three hundred feet, and to keep these channels clear for the period of five years, has been awarded to Messrs. Craig & Righter, of Newport, Kentucky. The sum for which they contract to perform this work is $430,000.

LARGE PECUNIARY COLLEGE PRIZES.—Among the prizes for the present year at Harvard College, are two for the greatest skill in mathematics, the first of *three hundred dollars*, and a second prize of *two hundred dollars*. These are styled the "Boydon prizes," and are by far the most generous of any that have ever been offered at any of our American colleges.

FROM KANSAS.—We have accounts from Lawrence, Kansas, to the 14th ultimo. The emigrants arrested at Plymouth had been released. Gov. Geary ordered them to disperse or leave the Territory. They retired to the different settlements. The arms found in the wagons had been restored to them.

TOPEKA, Kansas, Thursday, Oct. 16, } *via* St. Louis, Oct. 22, 1856. }

A Delegate Free State Convention was held here to-day, at which it was decided not to hold an election for electors of President and Vice President, on the 4th of November, on account of the disturbance and distress prevailing throughout the State.

A mass Convention is called, to be held at Big Springs on the 28th inst., for the purpose of providing for the election of a delegate to Congress, the election of J. W. Whitfield being repudiated by the settlers as based on fraudulent laws of the bogus Legislature.

An emigrant train of nearly three hundred persons arrived yesterday, via Nebraska, under the direction of Col. Eldridge, all in fine condition and spirits. The party came in under guard of the regular troops, but where discharged on arrival.

The grand jury are finding indictments against the prisoners charged with murder, and the trial begins to-morrow.

W. F. M. Arny, from the National Kansas Committee, arrived yesterday to ascertain the condition of the settlers, and effect an arrangement with the State Central Committee for mutual co-operation."

The Washington Union publishes the following letter from Governor Geary to the Secretary of State:—

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, } Lecompton, K. T., Oct. 10, 1856. }

SIR:—Yon letter of the 23rd ultimo, in reply to mine of the 9th, and your telegraph despatch of the 27th ultimo, in reply to

THE PEDDLER'S PRIZE.

A cold winter's night found a stage-load of us gathered about the warm fire of a tavern bar-room of a New England village. Shortly after we arrived, a peddler drove up and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night. After we had eaten supper we repaired to the bar-room, and as soon as the ice was broken, the conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the peddler was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventures and anecdotes. He was a short, thickset man, somewhere about forty years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell you about the last thing of any consequence that happened to me. You see I am now right from the Far West, and on my way home for winter quarters. It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small village tavern in Hancock County, Indiana. I said it was pleasant—I meant it was warm, but it was cloudy and very likely to be dark. I went in and called for supper, and I had my horse taken care of, and after I had eaten I sat down in the bar-room. It began to rain about eight o'clock, and for a while it poured down good, and it was awful dark out doors.

"Now, I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I intended to dispose of on my way home. The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew if it did not rain I could get along very comfortably through the mud after that. So I asked the landlord if he could not see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off before two. He expressed some surprise at this, and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast. I told him I had sold my last load about all out, and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there before the express agent left in the morning. There was a number of people sitting round while I told this, but I took but little notice of them; one only arrested my attention. I had in my possession a small package of placards, which I was to deliver to the Sheriff of Jackson, and they were notices for the detection of a notorious robber named Dick Hardhead. The bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact it was perfect. He was a tall, well-formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard, cruel marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index of a villainous disposition.

"When I went to my chamber I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him. He had come there that afternoon and intended to leave next day. The host asked why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I merely wished to know if I was ever acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but hurry on to Jackson, and there give information to the Sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left; for I had no doubt in regard to his identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time, and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard, I found the clouds all passed away and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily roused, and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep and my horse could not travel very fast—yet it struck me that the beast made more work than there was any need of, for the cart was nearly empty.

"However, on we went, and in the course of half-an-hour I was clear of the village. At a short distance ahead lay a large tract of forest, mostly of great pines. The road led directly through this wood, and as near as I could remember, the distance was twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the east, and as the road ran nearly west, I should have light enough. I had entered the woods, and had gone half a mile when my wagon wheels settled with a bump and jerk, into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from another source!

"What could it be? I looked quickly around, but could see nothing. Yet I knew that the sound I had heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up, I felt something besides the jerk of the wheels. I heard something tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this on the instant. Of course I felt puzzled. At first I imagined some poor fellow had taken this method to obtain a ride; but I soon gave this up, for I knew that any decent man would have asked me for a ride. My next idea was that somebody had got in to sleep; but this passed away as quickly as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there had broken in.

"My next thoughts were of Mr. Dick Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed I had some money with me. In this he was right, for I had over two thousand dollars. I also thought he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then either creep over and shoot me, or knock me down. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"Now I never make it a point to brag of myself, but I have seen a great deal of the world, and I am pretty cool and clear headed under difficulty. In a very few moments my resolution was formed. My horse was now knee deep in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I drew my revolver—I never travel in that country without one—I drew this, and having twined the reins about the whip stock, I carefully slid down in the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind it and examined the hasp.

"The door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hasp, which slips over a staple and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hasp was secured in its place by a bit of pine—so that a slight force from within could break it. My wheel-wrench hung in a leather bucket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, made in a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard usage. I did not believe any ordinary man could break out. I got on to my cart as noiselessly as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew that at the distance of half a mile further I should come to a good hard road, and as I allowed my horse to pick his own way through the mud. About ten minutes after this I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force were being applied to the door. I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the villain might judge where I sat and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down on the foot-board.

"Of course, I knew now that my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long, and then start up in this particular place. The thumping and pounding grew louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice.

"'Let me out of this,' he cried, and he yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted up my head so as to make him think I was sitting in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing there.

"'Let me out, and I will tell you,' he replied.

"'Tell me what you are there for,' said I.

"'I got in here to sleep on your rags,' he answered.

"'Let me out, or I'll shoot you through the head,' he yelled.

"Just at that moment my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good going. The distance was twelve miles. I slipped back on the footboard and took the whip. I had the same horse then I've got now—a tall, stout, powerful bay mare—and you may believe there's some go in her. At any rate she struck a gait that even astonished me. She had received a good mess of oats, the air was cool, and she felt like going. In fifteen minutes we cleared the woods, and away we went on a keen jump. The chap inside kept yelling to be let out.

"Finally he stopped, and in a few minutes came the report of a pistol—one—two—three—four, one right after the other, and I heard the balls whiz over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of these balls, if not two of them, would have gone through me. I popped up my head again, and gave a yell, and then a deep groan, and then I said, 'Oh, God, save me! I'm a dead man!'—Then I made a shuffling noise, as though I were falling off, and finally settled down on the foot-board again. I now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with the butt of my whip stock, and she paced it faster than ever.

"The man called out to me twice more, pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply, he made some tremendous efforts to break the door open, and as this failed him, he made several attempts upon the top. But I had no fear of his doing anything there, for the top of the cart is framed in with dovetails, and each sleeper bolted to the posts with iron bolts. I had made it so I could carry heavy loads there. By-and-bye, after all else had failed, the scamp commenced to holler whoa to the horse, and kept it up until he became quite hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly, and kept poking the beast with the stock.

"We were not an hour in going that dozen miles—not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear—perhaps I might tell the truth, and say that I had none, for I had a good pistol; and more than that, my passenger was safe; yet I was glad when I came to the old flour barrel factory that stands at the edge of Jackson's village; and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern, and found a couple of men in the barn cleaning down some stage horses.

"'Well, old feller,' says I, as I got down and went around to the back of the wagon; 'you have had a good ride, haven't ye?'

"'Who are you?' he cried, he kind of swore a little, too, as he asked the question.

"'I'm the man you tried to shoot,' was my reply.

"'Where am I? Let me out!' he yelled.

"'Look here, we've come to a safe stopping-place, and mind ye, my revolver is ready for ye, the moment you show yourself. Now, lay quiet!'

"By this time the two hostlers had come up to see what was the matter, and I explained it all to them. After this I got one of them to run and rout out the sheriff, and tell what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of daylight were just coming up, and in half-an-hour it would be broad daylight. In less than that time the sheriff came, and two men with him. I told him the whole affair in a few words—exhibited the handbills I had for him, and then he made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and if he made the least resistance, he'd be a dead man.—Then I slipped the iron wrench out, and as I let the door down, the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle, and he came down on his face, and in a moment more the officers had him. It was now daylight, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He was marched off to the lock-up, and I told the sheriff I should remain in town all day.

"After breakfast, the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning I should have the reward of two hundred dollars, which had been offered. I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to stow them away in my cart. The bullet holes were found in the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line, about five inches apart; and had I been where I usually sit, two of them would have hit me somewhere near the small of the back, and passed upwards, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder, and his pistol was a heavy one.

"On the next morning the sheriff called upon me, and paid me two hundred dollars in gold, for he made himself sure that he'd got the villain. I afterwards found a letter in the post-office at Portsmouth for me, from the Sheriff of Hancock county, and he informed me that Mr. Dick Hardhead is in prison for life."

So ended the peddler's story. In the morning I had the curiosity to look at his cart, and I found the four bullet-holes just as he had told us, though they were now plugged up with vial corks.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.—Men rejoice when the sun is risen; they rejoice, also, when it goes down, while they are unconscious of the decay of their own lives. Men rejoice on seeing the face of a new season, as at the arrival of one greatly desired. Nevertheless, the revolution of one season is the decay of human life. Fragments of drift wood meeting in the wide ocean continue together a little space; thus parents, wives, children, friends and riches remain with us a short time, then separate—and the separation is inevitable. No mortal can escape the common lot; he who mourns for departed relatives has no power to cause them to return. One standing on the road would readily say to a number of persons passing by, "I will follow you." Why then should a person grieve when journeying the same road which has been assuredly travelled by all our forefathers? Life resembles a cataract rushing down with irresistible impetuosity. Knowing that the end of life is death, every right-minded man ought to pursue that which is connected with happiness and ultimate bliss.

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;
The sun flies forward to his brother sun;
The dark earth follows, wheeled in her ellipse;
And human things, returning on themselves,
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

Ah! though the times when some new thought can bud
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
Yet scars that daily gain upon the shore
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.

When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
But, smit with freer light, shall slowly melt
In many streams, to fatten lower lands;
And light shall spread, and man be liker man,
Through all the seasons of the golden year.

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. Happy days
Roll onward, leading up the golden year!

Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the Press;
Fly, happy with the mission of the Cross;
Knit land to land, and, blowing heavenward,
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toil,
Enrich the markets of the golden year.

But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year?

A RUSSIAN MISTRESS.—The Allgemeine Zeitung of the 21st of July gives the following illustration of serfdom in Russia, as of recent occurrence:

Among the serfs owned by a widow lady, was a girl who had been brought up with unusual indulgence, had received a superior education, and acquired manners far more cultivated than belonged to her class, to which advantages was added the natural gift of an attractive person. At an early age she was apprenticed at St. Petersburg to a French dressmaker; and having attained to some skill in the business, she was after a time, offered profitable employment. This her mistress permitted her to accept, on the usual payment of an *obrok* to herself in lieu of personal service. The girl conducted herself well in her situation, acquired a knowledge of the French language, and formed habits of considerable refinement. Here she attracted the notice of an officer of the rank of colonel, who, in due time, proved his attachment by offering her marriage. The girl accepted the proposal, and nothing remained but to obtain her freedom from her mistress. The purchase money the colonel was willing to pay. This ought to have been regulated by the *obrok* which the girl had paid, calculated at so many years' purchase. The officer, however, was not disposed to cavil about the price, but on applying to the mistress, to whom he unfortunately explained his purpose, he received for answer that on no terms whatever would she emancipate her slave.

Every effort was used to shake the resolution, which appeared unaccountable; but argument, entreaty, money were alike unavailing, and the lady remained inexorable, giving in the end the clue to her obstinacy by observing that she would never see her serf take precedence of her, as she would do if married to a colonel, while she was herself but the widow of a major. The match was necessarily broken off, and the girl's prospect of happiness destroyed. To complete her misery, her mistress revoked her leave of absence and ordered her immediately to return to her native village. Arrived in the village, the unhappy girl, accustomed to the habits and comforts of civilized life, was clothed in the coarse garments of an ordinary peasant, and was forthwith ordered to marry a rough *moujik* of the same class. Revolting at this tyranny refusing to obey, she was flogged, and though she still resisted for a while, long continuance of cruel and degrading treatment conquered her in the end, and she was forced to submit to the miserable lot entailed upon her by the wretched jealousy of her heartless mistress.

TO A SEA-GULL.

White bird of the tempest! oh, beautiful thing,
With the bosom of snow and the moonless wing,
Now sweeping the billow, now floating on high,
Now bathing thy plumes in the light of the sky;
Now poising o'er ocean thy delicate form,
Now breasting the surge with thy bosom so warm;
Now darting aloft with a heavenly scorn,
Now shooting along, like a ray of the morn,
Now lost in the folds of the cloud-curtained dome,
Now floating abroad like a flake of the foam,
Now silently poised o'er the war of the main,
Like the spirit of Charity brooding o'er pain;
Now gliding with pinions all silently furl'd,
Like an angel descending to comfort the world!
Thou seem'st to my spirit, as upward I gaze,
And see thee now clothed in mellowest rays;
Now lost in the storm-driven vapors that fly,
Like hosts that are routed across the broad sky!
Like a pure spirit true to its virtue and faith,
'Mid the tempest of nature, of passion and death!

Rise! beautiful emblem of purity, rise,
On the sweet winds of heaven to thine own brilliant skies;
Still higher! still higher! till lost to our sight,
Thou hidest thy wings in a mantle of light;
And I think how a pure spirit, gazing on thee,
Must long for the moment—the joyous and free—
When the soul disembodied from nature shall spring,
Unfettered at once to her Maker and King;
When, the bright day of service and suffering past,
Shapes, fairer than thine, shall shine round her at last,
While, the standard of battle triumphantly furled,
She smiles like a victor, serene on the world.

THE WHITE ANT.—"In nothing is the ingenuity of these little insects more remarkably displayed than in the expedient to which they frequently resort to cross a little stream on the sand beach, after a shower of rain. Sometimes their train is cut in two by one of these little streamlets. To plunge into it singly, they would soon be swept away by the rush of the current. They come to the edge of the water, raise their antennæ, point them from one direction to another, as if they were taking a scientific view of all the dangers of the crossing. They wander up and down the stream with the greatest uneasiness, and finding no other way to cross, form themselves into a compact knot or raft of a dozen or more, and launch themselves upon the stream. They have, by previous observation, made sure that they would strike a projecting point or bluff on the opposite shore, and not to be carried by the current into the main river. The moment they touch the other side, they use their claws like anchors, and hold on until the whole company disengage themselves, and march off in single file in the track of those that have preceded them. I have watched them for hours together, and have seen raft after raft of these little creatures go over in safety, when, if they had attempted to get across singly, they would all have been swept into the river."

DR. PARR AND HIS PIPE.—The doctor was very fond of his choir, and always encouraged them to sing a long hymn or anthem before the sermon, during which he used to steal into the vestry and smoke his pipe. When they had done the clerk informed him; and if the doctor had not finished, he would say, "John, tell them to sing the last two verses over again—my people love singing and I love smoking."—*Gardiner's Reminiscences.*

NEY AND MACDONALD.

All readers of history know that Napoleon's Marshals were a body of men who, as a whole, differed from, and towered above, the majority of other men, in very much the same manner, if not to the same extent, as Napoleon himself.

In fact, I have always deemed it one of the most demonstrative proofs of the Emperor's peerless genius, that he was able to select, out of the jumbled, semi-chaotic aggregate, precisely those individuals who could best subserve the special purposes for which he required them.

To the kindlier, softer feelings, Napoleon barely gave expression in words, though their access was plainly enough visible in his face. But to his approbation of heroic deeds, or his admiring sympathy with high qualities, he did give verbal, though brief expression, followed usually by some more tangible and enduring token of his good will. An advance in military rank, or the Cross of the Legion of Honor, or may-be both, often were bestowed, on the very battle-field, upon the sub-officer, or even the private soldier, who had achieved some specially daring or distinguished act under his eye. No wonder that armies were invincible and irresistible, who were moved by such instigations as these. No wonder that such soldiers were enabled to make one moderate-sized country, for many successful years, the arbitress and dictatress of the European continent, with its vastly-outnumbering millions.

Among all his chieftains, I think Ney and Macdonald were held by the Emperor in profoundest respect. How it might have been had not Kleber and Desaix been untimely cut off, of course I cannot tell. I know that Napoleon put a very high estimate upon the soldierly abilities of both these chiefs; that he felt for both a strong personal regard, and that he deeply lamented their loss.

But as the case stood, Ney and Macdonald were the two leaders most respected by their master; and I think, moreover, that Ney would have stood "*primus inter pares*," even had the two deceased Generals survived.

In many other points dissimilar, Ney and Macdonald had one quality in common, and that in an extraordinary degree. Speaking figuratively, in the hinder head of each was deposited a lump of iron, even bigger than in that of Napoleon himself; which, being interpreted, means, that they possessed a resoluteness, a determination, a tenacity of purpose, a stubbornness of endurance, or a quality combining all these, if there is any difference between them, which made "backing out" from what they had undertaken, or even hesitating to go forward in a path they had entered upon, a thing to be submitted to on inexorable necessity alone.

This quality in them was not merely a passive principle, but an active one also, and they could communicate the same by a species of magnetizing process, to the men under their command. Whether it was to move slowly ahead with bayonets fixed, and without returning a shot, in the face of artillery and musketry, vomiting incessantly a tempest of death-dealing balls upon their serried masses; or whether it was to stand motionless and be deluginely stormed on by the same missiles, or dashed against by successive furious whirlwinds of cavalry charges, the troops under the command of these chiefs were, in the one case, a rock moving, and, in the other, a rock stationary—in either case impenetrable and impervious to all influences, save the single one that bade them move or stand still. Or, in the ordinary phrase, "no leaders could hold men under fire so long and so firmly as Ney and Macdonald."

A most thrilling, and, I may add, awful example of this, was presented in one of the great continental battles.

Macdonald was ordered, with a strong body of infantry, to assault and attempt to break the Austrian centre. (This, as all readers of history know, was one of Napoleon's favorite manœuvres, which, in fact, rarely failed of being successful.)

Macdonald at once marshalled his men, commanded them to fix bayonets, and moved forward with them. This was a perilous undertaking, for the Austrian forces were arranged in half-moon shape, the two horns of the crescent being pointed towards our army. Of course, the centre was the most distant portion of the Austrian army, and our force, in order to reach it, were obliged, for a great part of the way, to sustain a front fire and a cross fire from the two wings. It was a case similar to the recent charge of the "Six Hundred" before Sebastopol.

On passing between the two wings, the carnage became horrible. Incessant cannon booming, and musket rattlings from the front and from either side; men dropping by scores every instant, and our ranks closing coolly up and moving steadily onward, without firing a return or uttering a sound—it was a spectacle that made the beholders tremble with awe. Cheer after cheer was occasionally heard clear, sonorous and untremulous as ever, and each successive sound of it was like an additional blow stricken upon red-hot iron—making them firmer, more impervious and impregnable of mood.

While yet some distance short of the point aimed at, the Marshal paused an instant and looked back. A shocking spectacle met his view. A long line of prostrate men—the dead, the dying, and the writhing, groaning wounded, was seen strewing thickly the ground, from the spot where he stood to that from which he had started. It looked absolutely like a road paved with mangled, bloody human bodies. He looked at his ranks and noted that they were grievously thinned—scarce half the original number remained. For once his steel heart well nigh gave way, and he was about to order a hurrying retreat—But, a moment later, his native mood returned; he accelerated the advance; in a few moments the point aimed at was reached; the troops poured in one crashing volley, and with loud cheers rushed on with the bayonet; in less than twenty minutes the enemy's centre was broken, and his whole army was in hasty and disorderly retreat.

It was a superb, rarely equalled charge; and I doubt whether another general in the army, with the sole exception of Ney, could so long have held his men amid a fire so deadly, and under such difficult circumstances.

Ney could have done it. He had done like things repeatedly. But never did this indomitable firmness, this iron resolution, come out so conspicuously as in the fatal retreat from Moscow. There was, in truth, most desperate need of it. Napoleon acted with his wonted judgment when he made Ney commander of his rear-guard, though it is quite probable he supposed he was was thus sacrificing his favorite marshal. But whether any of the army escaped, depended much on this rear guard, and he knew this leader would do all that mortal man could do, for the benefit of the whole.

And he did perform almost more than mortal deeds. Day after day and night after night, with a freezing, starving, suffering band, he kept at bay ten or fifteen times the number of well appointed troops; burning to revenge themselves on the detested foes who had desecrated their natal soil.

I need not detail the history of those days and nights, for all reading persons are familiar with it. Its incidents seem more like fiction than fact; and he should have been able to break through and surmount such obstacles, so as finally to rejoin Napoleon, appears little short of miraculous.

If any one could have saved Napoleon from the fatal disasters of Waterloo, Ney was that one.—But it was not "so written."

With this granite firmness, Ney combined very much of the fiery enthusiasm and extreme excitability of Murat. He had little, if at all, less power to set a body of troops on flame, than the latter, and to impel them forward with an impetuosity which nothing could withstand.

In the combination he had the advantage of Macdonald. The latter could, like the former, hold his men fast in the face of death, but he could not enkindle in them that enthusiasm which would make them woo peril as a bride.

Ney's fate is familiarly known. It was an infamous deed to execute, as a criminal, the hero whose life had been spent in the service of his country, under him whom that country had elected as a ruler. It has left an indelible blot on the escutcheon of all concerned in it.

LETTERS.

Tear, scatter, burn, destroy,—but keep them not!
I hate, I dread those living witnesses
Of varying self, of good or ill forgot,
Of altered hopes and withered kindnesses.
Those visions of the past, that idly blot
The present with regret for blessings fled;
This hand that wrote, this ever teeming head,
This flickering heart is full of chance and change;
I would not have you watch my weaknesses.
Nor how my foolish likings roam and range,
Nor how the mushroom friendships of a day
Hastened in hot-bed ripeness to decay.
Nor how to mine own self I grow so strange.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Young man, save that penny; pick up that pin; let that account be correct to a farthing; find out what that bit of ribbon costs, before you say you will take it; pay that half dime your friend handed you to make change with; in a word, be economical, be accurate; know what you are doing; be honest and then be generous, for all you have or acquire thus, belongs to you by every rule of right, and you may put it to any good use you please. It is not parsimony to be economical. It is not miserly to save a pin from loss. It is not selfish to be correct in your dealings. It is not small to know the price of articles you are about to purchase, or to remember the little debt you owe. What if you do meet Bill Pride decked out in a much better suit than yours, the price of which he has not yet learned from his tailor, and he laughs at your faded dress and old-fashioned notions of honesty and right? Your day will come. Franklin, who, from a penny-saving boy, walking the streets with a loaf of bread under his arm, became a companion of kings.

"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

La Fitte, the celebrated French banker, leaving the house to which he had applied for a clerkship, was not too proud or careless to pick up a pin. The simple pin laid the foundation of his immense wealth. The wise banker to whom he applied, saw the act, called him back, and gave him employment—being convinced, by this simple act, that he would be a valuable clerk and a useful man.

Be just, then generous. Benevolence is a great duty, by which you not only benefit the object, but feel a sensation of joy in your own soul, worth more than gain. But generosity can never be measured by the amount you lavish on a fine dress, or that you spend to gratify vanity and folly. Let the girls say you are small, rather than spend a dollar for a useless book. Purchase good books, and they will tell you that no girl worth having ever selected a man for a husband on account of his long tailor's bill, any more than on account of his long ears.

"MERRY ENGLAND."—This expression, I apprehend, conveys an erroneous idea to the minds of persons in general. It is usually supposed to refer to the gay, joyous character of the English people of the olden times; whereas, as I hope I shall be able to show, it is like "La Belle France," and such terms indicative of the nature and appearance of the country, not of the character of the people.

The origin of our word *merry* is the Anglo-Saxon *myrig*, a word seeming peculiar to that language, for I have not met any term resembling it in any of the cognate dialects. Its proper meaning seems to be *pleasant, cheerful, agreeable*. Thus, in the "*Canterbury Tales*," the Persone says:—

"I wol yow telle a *merry* tale in prose;"

and this tale is a grave "Treatise on Penitence," to which *merry*, in its present acceptation, could never be applied. In like manner, it is said of Chaunticlere, the cock:—

"His vois was *merrier* than the *merry* orgon,"

which is not *merry*, in our sense of the word. But *merry* is also used of places:

"Of erbe yve that groweth in our yerd that *merry* is."

"That made hem in a *cite* for to tary,
That stood full *merry* upon a haven syde."

Lincoln is termed *merry* in the ballad of "Hugh of Lincoln;" we also meet with *Merry* Carlisle and *Merryland* Town, in which the reference is plainly to the site, &c., of the place, rather than to the character of the inhabitants. *Merry England* is, then, we may say, England that abounds in *comforts*, and is pleasant to live in.

HOW MERRILY WE LIVE THAT INSECTS BE!—Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily! Imagine a palace of ivory and pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never rose from a human censer. Fancy again the fun of tucking themselves up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer air, nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dewdrop, and fall to and eat your bed-clothes.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—We have frequent inquiries respecting a prize said to be offered by the British Government to the person who first discovers perpetual motion. No such reward has been offered—and if it were offered it never could be obtained, for such a discovery will never be made. A perpetual motion is a machine which has an inherent power, to set and maintain itself in motion—a mechanical impossibility.—*Scientific American.*

COLOR OF THE HAIR.—The hair is a beautiful ornament of woman, but it has always been a disputed point which color most becomes it. We account red hair as by no means the most preferable; but in the time of Elizabeth it found ardent admirers, and was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts. Cleopatra was red haired; and the Venetian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair.

FASHION AND DRESS.

Every change of season brings with it a corresponding 'change of fashion,' or, at all events, a change in the style and materials of female costume. "What will be worn this autumn?" is the question now eagerly asked by almost every lady. We will endeavor to answer this inquiry, so far, at least, as will afford some guidance for making purchases and giving orders for autumnal costume.

Silk dresses with flounces are decidedly in the majority, for as yet the weather continues sufficiently mild to render the adoption of warmer materials unnecessary. Rich full colors are those most in favor; especially the various shades of green, blue, and puce or violet. The flounces are all in the style called *a disposition*, that is to say, woven in patterns distinct from that of the dress, when the latter is figured, and when the dress is plain the flounces are edged with stripes, or with some ornamental design.

Many dresses of poplin, cashmere, and also some of silk, are made with double skirts; we speak here of dresses for out-door costume. These double skirts have a less showy effect than flounces, and for that reason they are much adopted in walking costume. The upper skirt should, however, be rather long, little more than a quarter of a yard shorter than the lower skirt. Sometimes the upper skirt only is ornamented with trimming; but the effect is best when both skirts are trimmed. Rows of velvet or fringe are usually employed for trimming.

As yet but few cloaks have made their appearance. Those most suitable to the season are of small size, and composed of grey cloth. They are of a circular form, and are trimmed with several rows of ornamental ribbon. Rows of velvet have a very pretty effect on these small gray cloaks.

Novelties in flowers for ornamenting autumn and winter bonnets are now appearing. Among those adapted for trimming bonnets of velvet, and black lace, is roses of different colors, shaded with black, and having foliage composed of black velvet. Yellow, purple, and cerise-color roses, shaded with black, are regarded as very *distingue*. Sweet peas in velvet of the most lively tints, with foliage composed of feather, will be fashionable ornaments for winter bonnets; and among those likely to obtain favor may also be mentioned the Iris, with its rich azure tints, the heartsease, and the anemone.

Dresses of plain white muslin and organdy have recently been made for young ladies' dinner and evening costume. They are trimmed with three or four flounces, of which the upper one is set in at the waist. The flounces are each edged with a broad hem, having a blue, pink, or lilac ribbon run within it, which sustains the flounce at the lower part, and in all respects improves the appearance of the dress. The corsages of these dresses are, in general, made full, and the fullness is drawn to a point in front. Round the waist is worn a ribbon *ceinture*, which is either tied in a bow in front, or fastened with a small gold or silver buckle.

One of the dresses completed within the last few days is composed of bright green silk *glacé* with white. Up each side of the skirt there is a trimming formed of stripes of very narrow black velvet crossing each other, so as to leave small lozenge-shaped spaces between them. This trimming at the edge of the skirt is about six or seven inches in width, and is gradually becomes narrower as it ascends to the waist. The corsage has a basque edged round with black velvet trimming, similar to that which ornaments the skirt, and the same trimming is placed on the corsage in the form of *bretelles*. The sleeves have three frills trimmed in a corresponding manner. We may also mention a dress of chequered silk, the color being pink, green, and white in large chequers, over which are narrow black lines woven in relief, and sufficiently close together to form small chequers. This dress is trimmed with one very deep flounce, set on in fluted plaits. The flounce is finished at the edge merely with a plain hem, and is headed with a ruche of silk.—*London Lady's Newspaper.*

THUNDER-STORM IN THE ALPS, ITALY.—A clou[d] of pitchy darkness rose in the south, and cross[ed] the plain, shedding deepest night in its track, [and] shooting its fires downward on the earth as [it] came onwards. It passed right over our heads, enveloping us for the while (like some mighty archer, with quiver full of arrows,) in a shower of flaming missiles. The interval between the flash was brief,—so very brief, that we were scarcely sensible of any interval at all. There was [no] more than four seconds between them. The [air] was full and strong, as if myriads and myriads of [crys]tal lights had been kindled on the summits of the Apennines. In short, it was day while it lasted, and every object was visible, as if made so by the light of the sun. The horses which dragged our vehicle along the road—the postilion with his red facings on his dress—the meadows and mulberry woods which bordered our path—the road itself, stretching away and away for miles, with its row of tall poplars, and its white curbstone, dotted with wagons and couriers, and a few foot-passengers—and the red autumnal leaves, as they fell in swirling showers in the gust—all were visible. Indeed, we may be said to have performed several miles of our journey under broad daylight, excepting that these sudden revelations of the face of nature alternated with moments of profoundest night. At length the big rain-drops came rattling to the earth; and, to protect ourselves, we drew the thick leathern curtains of the *banquette*, buttoning it tight down all round, and kept out the rain, but not the light. The seams and openings of the covering lines of fire, as if the *diligence* were really engulphed in an ocean of living fire, whole heavens were in a roar. The thunder called to the Alps; the Alps shook to the plains; and the plain between quaked and trembled at the awful voice. At length the storm passed away to the north, and found its final goal amid the mountains, where, for hours afterwards the thunder continued to growl, and the lightnings to sport.—*Dr. Wylie's Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber.*

THE SULTAN'S SILVER CHAMBER.—All Paris has been struck dumb by the first *ébauche* of the great silver chamber, now in course of execution for the Sultan, by Maurice Mayer. This whim, in truly Oriental taste, has filled us with awe. It is the whole furniture and appurtenances, of a boudoir composed entirely of solid silver. The round table in the midst is of admirable workmanship; the surface of polished silver, engraved in rich arabesques, the legs of twisted pillars highly finished. The sofas, the chairs, and piano, are all in the same precious material. The boudoir is to be hung with cloth of gold, trimmed with silver cord. It seems that fate has destined this unique specimen of the luxuriousness of expense to be his favorite in the gardens of the seraglio, whence the light of day is always to be excluded, and where he intends to retire for the repose and quiet he cannot enjoy in the palace.—*Paris Court Journal.*

ON THE RHINE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Vain is the effort to forget
Some day I shall be cold, I know;
As in the eternal moonlit snows
Of the high Alps, to which I go:
But ah, not yet! not yet!

Vain is the agony of grief.
'Tis true, indeed, as iron knot
Ties straightening up from mine thy lot,
And were it snapt—thou lovest me not!
But so despair relief!

Awhile let me with thought have done;
And so calm Autumn's unwithheld Rhine
And that far purple mountain line
Lie exactly in the look divine
Of the slow sinking sun;

So let me lie, and calm as they
Let beam upon my inward view
Those eyes of deep soft lucent hue—
Mere too expressive to be blue,
Too lovely to be gray.

As Quiet, all things feel thy balm:
Those blue hills too, this river's flow,
Were restless once, but long ago,
Learn'd in their turbulent youthful glow
Their joy is in their calm.

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY MRS. ELLEN KEY BLUNT.

Of all the ships that sail the sea,
Circling the earth around,
There are none that sail so merrily
As those that are homeward bound.
Then pour the wine, and pour it free
As the tide on the thirsty ground,
And by wave and wine the toast shall be
A home for the homeward bound!

Fill high the wine, while the wine flow fast,
With a welcome to those who come,
Though the stars be guiding some at last
To shipwreck instead of home.
But fill, for we'll hail them cheerily,
Be life or death around,
And o'er wave and wine the spell shall be
A home for the homeward bound!

THE NUREMBERG LIVING EGG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SPINDLER.

One day an aged citizen of Nuremberg came before the mayor, and submitted to him the request, that he would allow him to be shut up in a prison for a short time, in order that he might there be able entirely to devote himself to his own thoughts without being disturbed. This application astonished the mayor not a little, and with great gentleness he asked the citizen, whom he knew very well, the cause of so singular a wish.

"My wife and my sons worry me so dreadfully," answered the citizen. "I have a speculation of importance in my head, which I will at present discover to nobody. A wise man speaks only of deeds that are done. But my inquisitive family tease me with their questions, and their suspicions, and their reproaches, so that I have not one moment of peace. When I put them off, or if I go to work in my own little workroom, they disturb me incessantly, and worry me to death. I therefore want a few weeks of quiet, or I shall really die of anxiety and trouble of mind. This explanation astonished the mayor still more.

"My good man," replied he, "the trade of your sons, which you yourself also carry on, is of itself rather a noisy one. Brassiers and suchlike persons are not very gentle and quiet in their occupation; but still there must be some part of your house in which nobody can have a right to disturb you."

"But they do disturb me nevertheless; they break my door open, rummage all my things, and displace the work I have begun. I can bear it no longer."

"I will inquire into this," said the mayor, after considering a short time; "but put all thoughts of the prison out of your head. Leave that dismal dwelling to those who have deserved punishment. The place for honest people is their own homes." The tradesman made a sad face at this speech.

"Then," cried he, "I shall never be able to finish what I have in my head! My life is a continual misery to me, and in the meanwhile the time is irretrievably lost. Ah! nobody knows how dear time is to me at this very moment!" The mayor now admonished him afresh, and advised him earnestly to visit the blood-letter, who would no doubt find some means of quieting him. Peter Hele shook his head, and wended his way home again.

As the mayor kept his word, and caused the wife and sons of the good citizen to be brought before him, there arose a great disturbance on their return home, for the old man did not deny the request he had made to the mayor, or what he had related to him about them. Upon this the father and sons went boldly into court, and declared that for some time there had been no living with the father. The wife said he had become very odd in his ways; that he was always murmuring to himself about things which had no sense; that he now never spoke a reasonable word to anybody; and that upon the slightest observation from her, he got so angry as to be almost beside himself, and often threatened to beat her. Going on in this way, he did no work, although they were quite young, inexperienced lads; business all went wrong, and yet the father chose to eat the daily bread he did not earn. He talked very unfeelingly," said the mayor.

"Unfeelingly, indeed!" answered the wife. "My domestic concerns are so heavy a weight that I am quite borne down with care, and cried that I might have peace and ease.

"You are a rich man, and do not know how it goes with poor artisans to earn their bread, when the master lays his hands in his pockets, an example of idleness to young men."

"So far as I can remember," interrupted the mayor, "Master Peter, your husband, has always been an industrious, well-conducted man."

"Yes, your worship, so he always was, till about half a year ago." Here tears prevented her from going on.

The mayor now turned to the eldest son, and learned from him that the father had, during the space of more than a year, given signs of a disordered state of mind. He had talked to himself as in a dream, whilst engaged in the work belonging to his trade, and had got so bad at last as to spoil all he did. At last, he had entirely given up attending to business, and had whole days and nights locked in his room. He was often heard to be counting out loud, but he did not know what he was counting; and kept on tinkering and rattling with something, but they did not know what with. As he grew become more and more exasperated, could no longer allow any questions or remonstrances, the sons had several times broken open the door, in order to discover his secret, but found nothing but useless pieces of wood and a little kind of machine which their father himself—a thing totally unknown to them, and, in their opinion, of no use in the world. He, the son Peter, thought his father must be wrong in his head, and that it was quite time to deprive him of the conduct of the affairs of the family, and put it into the hands of the mother and the sons.

Upon the same questions being put to the second son, Josef, who was of as cool a temperament as his brother was choleric, and who was as inert as his brother was hot and daring, he made the following statement:

"I have observed," said he, "that since Candlemas of this year my father has become cross and melancholy. He sleeps, and eats, and drinks very little, but does as my mother and brother have already said—he looks at the stars, and reads books that tell of the planets, and failure of crops, and famine and pestilence. I think, however, that he has been acted upon by witchcraft; for at Candlemas-time, an Italian, a native of Florence, came to see him, and remained several days in the house, and he had a great deal of conversation with my father; then he went away suddenly, and no sooner was he gone, than my father's strange conduct began. The Italians are very often sorcerers, even if my father has not given himself up to the black art. He very often says to us: 'Be silent with your teasing questions. I will say nothing to you about my secret, even if it cost me my life; but if you will be patient, I will make you rich men some day. I must, and will complete it.'"

"Yes, yes! he says that often enough," chimed in the mother and brother; "but in the meantime our affairs are going to ruin."

"Are your children all here?" said the mayor to the wife. She answered in an indifferent tone: "I have one more, a daughter. She is married to the tailor, Willibald; but as she has left us three years, she can know but little about her father's state."

Upon this, the mayor dismissed the wife and sons, admonishing them to treat the old man with respect and with patience, and then he ordered the tailor's wife to be called before him. The young woman modestly and timidly obeyed the summons; but she no sooner heard that it was upon the subject of her father's supposed insanity, than she burst out crying. When she had recovered herself, she made the following statement, in a clear tone, and with an honest manner and countenance:

"I know but little," said she, "of what my father does at home: I go there but seldom, because my mother is not kind to me, and, still more, because my poor father is so ill-treated. 'What is the matter with you, father?' they keep on saying to him from morning till night: 'you are quite beside yourself, and you idle away your time instead of helping to support yourself; you do nothing to increase our means, but help to diminish them; if you continue to go on in this way, you must go to the workhouse;' and so they keep on. How often has my father slipped away to me in the evening, to sit quietly and weep over his trouble! How often has he related to me how they give him—the lazy one, as they call him—the worst pieces on the table, and how they have denied him even a drop of wine; and yet all this he would gladly bear, if they would only leave him in peace, and not disturb him with their foolish questions, and their ridicule, and their stolen visits to his room, where they delight in destroying what he has just begun to prepare."

"Have you any idea what the extraordinary old gentleman is making?"

"No, your worship; I am only an ignorant woman. My father talks in a sort of mysterious way about what he is engaged in, but still he continually reproaches great good luck for us all if his work succeeds. I do not know whether he is animated by a just confidence in success, or whether he is led away by some lamentable error; but I would gladly thrust my hand into the fire to free him from the persecution he undergoes at present."

"Would you take your father home to live with you, if it were so decided?"

"I should then be obliged to do so, but it is my duty to do so without any obligation."

"Suppose I were to make your father over to you for a few weeks, till it could be found out, by kindly and carefully observing him, what is really the state of his mind?"

"He would be heartily welcome to share the little we have, for we are but poor people, and in our little quiet house he would have leisure to compose himself. I will pray God most earnestly on my knees to preserve the dear man from melancholy and insanity."

"Would your husband be satisfied with such an arrangement?" asked the mayor, smiling.

The tailor's wife smiled also, in the proud consciousness of having the upper-hand at home, and answered:

"When I promise anything, your worship, it is the same as if my husband had taken his oath of it; but I am afraid my father himself will not agree to it. He will not be willing to leave his home."

The mayor remarked to the young woman, that without doubt her father would much rather remove to her house than into a prison, and ordered this mysterious being to be brought before him again. But Peter Hele was already in the ante-room, with a little bag in his hand, and said, on entering the mayor's presence:

"See, your worship, what your exhortation has been the cause of. They have turned me out of my house—out of my own house. They have told me I may go to the workhouse or to prison; and they say that I am both foolish and wicked for having blackened their characters to the mayor, and told him that they behave to me in an unchristianlike manner. So I have brought with me what they have left me of my working-tools and materials, and gladly give myself into your honor's custody. But what are you doing here, my daughter?"

"She will take you to live with her till I have accommodated things for you," said the mayor.

"You?" said the father. "You take me into your poor little home? Do you recollect that your husband must set ten thousand stitches the more every week, in order to support such a guest as I?"

"That is nothing to you, father; you will be with your own affectionate children!" cried the old man's daughter, with energy, and taking him by the arm. "Come, come," she said, "you shall not be disturbed, nor left to starve, that I promise his honor and you."

"But how can you," said the mayor to Peter Hele—"how can you thus give the control of your affairs without consideration into the hands of others, and take with you instead only this rubbish!" As he said this, he pointed to the bag. The old man's tears stopped suddenly, and he answered with a half-angry look:

"Rubbish! Ah! honored sir, this rubbish would produce a golden crop, if I could but use the present time as I wish. Time is the treasure with which I work. The hour draws near at which my time will be run out. Very well, then, my daughter, the certainty that I shall make our fortunes, makes me consent to become your guest. I shall be able to repay you for all—to make all good to you; and the certainty of this golden future is the cause of my leaving my own house with joy, and giving everything up to my covetous sons."

As the old man now left the court, holding his daughter by the arm, and full of animated gestures and boasting promises, the mayor shook his head, and said to himself: "How am I to find out the truth of this business? In my turn, I also begin to doubt the old man's sanity."

A fortnight after this had scarcely expired when the head-constable appeared before the mayor, bringing Peter Hele:

"This man," said he, "has unmercifully beaten his son-in-law's apprentice, quite unjustly, and without any cause whatever. He seems to have done it out of pure malice, and I hope you will send him to prison for a few days to cool his temper." There stood Master Peter again, with his little bag in his hand—and to the strict inquiry into his conduct made by the mayor, he answered with a melancholy smile:

"See, your honor, what your accommodating of matters has done! There is not a better-hearted man than my son-in-law; but it is well known that no man is more inquisitive than a tailor. He has watched me, and listened at my door; and he stole in at my window like a cat to examine my things, in order to become possessed of my secret, and now he declares that I am a sorcerer. My daughter always took part against him, and did not wish me to leave the house; but her husband's curiosity and suspicions, and his continual ill-humor because he could not get me out of the house, were very disagreeable to me. I beat the boy, who is his master's favorite, without any provocation, but in order to put an end to the strife between the married people, and to gain peace for myself. I am sorry I was obliged to beat him; but I could think of no other means of obtaining for a short time a quiet lodging without cost. The boy is young, too, and will have got over his blows by to-morrow."

The mayor shook his head again.

"Why, really, Peter," said he, "you must be out of your wits. This time you will have to enjoy the prison you have longed for so much, if you are not able to pay a fine for your offence."

"I am a 'poor fellow,'" said Peter, good-humoredly, "and beg only to be shut up by myself in some light, little room, with leave to tinker and rattle as much as I please with these playthings of mine." He pointed to the bag with his apparatus.

"It is granted you," said the mayor. "You will remain there for a month quite solitary. I promise you, you will be troubled by visits from nobody but the jailor."

Master Peter went with the highest satisfaction, where others generally go with great discontent. The mayor ordered that nobody should be allowed to go near him, but that everything should be got for him he wanted for his mysterious work. The lightest rooms were allotted to him, and forbidden to every other prisoner. In the meantime, the mayor so ordered it, that the day on which the case of the wife and sons was to be finally heard should be postponed until the end of Peter's imprisonment.

When the members of the municipal council assembled to hear the complaint of Peter's family, the wife repeated her first statement word for word, and the eldest son held a long and violent discourse, which ended with the prayer that, as his father had neglected all his duties, he might be deprived of his rights in the household. "Really," cried the blustering young man, "if his silly way of going on, his senseless mysteries, and his neglect of all the commands of God as the father of a family, are not enough, pray remember that he has also striven to get himself into prison, which can only be the act of a madman, and so we need say nothing further."

Most of the councilmen nodded their heads at each other, and thought the affair was at an end, and that the crazy brains was only fit for the madhouse, for the Christmas holidays were near at hand, and the respectable gentlemen wished to be rid of business. The affair was just about to be put to the vote, therefore, when the mayor turned to Mrs. Willibald, and asked her if she concurred in the wish of her brother. The good daughter opposed it most warmly.

"God guard your honors' consciences," she cried, "from such a decision. I am afraid you have the intention of making one of your best citizens dead to all temporal interests. I deny my father's insanity as fearlessly as if my salvation depended upon it. If my husband were not a timid, superstitious man, and if he were not irritated by his brothers-in-law—who, alas! are my own brothers—the mischief would not have gone so far, and my father would not be in prison; but he would, on the contrary, be here present, supported by us, for the purpose of silencing his accusers, and making them repent of the gross ingratitude and inhumanity with which they drove him out of doors to starve."

"You lie, you faithless sister!" burst forth the young man.

"You give false witness!" screamed the mother. "Is it our fault that he ran away from the house, because he was frightened at our mild charge against him, although he had so shamefully calumniated us, and basely forsook us to go and settle himself by the side of the ill-advised one who had helped to set him against his and her own blood?"

"Our sister thought to get all my father has, and all his pretended future riches for herself; but she is mistaken, for now let us hear what her husband has to say," cried the elder brother.

The person called, a meagre little man with a trembling voice, tried to support his brother-in-law by telling of the foolish things done by the old man, and of unbearable conduct, and concluded by protesting, crossing himself the while, that once when he went into his room he had there heard the devil, though he certainly had not seen him.

"Satan himself, the real satan!" cried the councilmen, and the uproar became great.

The tailor's wife darted at him a look which frightened him; but nevertheless he went on in a trembling voice to say, "Yes, wife, look at me—look as me as you will, it must come out, although you have forbidden me to say it. But certain and true it is, that on the old man's table, amongst a lot of rubbish, of brass pegs and pins, and little wheels and catgut strings, there lay a wooden ball, or something of the kind, within which there was a clicking and clapping going on, as if there were an animal at work there. I shuddered as I listened to it; then suddenly it came into my head that the devil assumes all sorts of shapes, and springing away, I dashed the ball against the wall. Whether it broke or not, I don't know, for I did not look round. Once afterwards, however, when my wife had given me a good scolding for my folly, I took fresh heart, and went again into the room, but no traces of the ball were to be seen."

The sons thought to strengthen their own statement by the nonsense the tailor had just been uttering, and a great number of the council were inclined to give credit to it; but Peter Hele's daughter, crying with vexation and distress, turned angrily to her husband—

"Oh, you dishonorable, wicked man," said she, "do you want to bring the best father in the world to the rack, or to be burnt? Sad is it for me and all kind-hearted people to see so much suffering heaped upon the poor man's head, without being able to say a word to help to justify him."

"Who tells you that, young woman?" said the mayor, pulling the bell as he spoke. "The gentlemen of this council are all too just to condemn a townsman unheard."

Perhaps this decided speech made the councilmen feel ashamed of appearing to wish to decide upon the case in haste, a thing which is never becoming in judges and gray heads. In the meantime, a side-door opened, and Peter Hele came forward, a wasted, exhausted figure, with an innocent, cheerful, but submissive expression of face. Still there was to be seen round his finely-cut mouth an expression of deep pain. The daughter gave a cry of joy, but the mother, the sons, and the son-in-law looked frightened, and cast their eyes on the ground.

"Have you heard what your relations have alleged against you as matter of complaint?" asked the mayor.

"I wish I had not been obliged to hear it," answered the good man, coughing in order to hide his tears; "but I know they will be sorry for what they have said, and so I shall gladly forget everything. Unmerited calumny is more easily forgiven than that which is merited; and if there still should remain in the heart of a father and a citizen, like myself, some remembrance of the pain I have felt, it will be caused only by the regret that a fifty years' life of simplicity, honesty in my calling, piety towards God, and love for my wife and children, have not been sufficient surety for my honest intentions and my sane state of mind. But now, gentlemen, as the time has arrived, I will tell you honestly what I had in my head, and what gave rise to much misunderstanding. It is not unknown to you, gentlemen, that from my youth forward I have ever industriously pursued the wonderful and beautiful science of mechanics. When on my travels for the purpose of improvement, I made acquaintance, in Florence, with the clever silversmith, Jessada, and learned many secrets from him which where of great advantage to me in my handiwork; and I have always been friendly with him to this day. When, some years after this, I had settled myself down, and taken a wife, and had become the father of a family, and in the struggles of everyday life had forgotten all about Italy, the said Jessada appeared suddenly in this town, and came to my house, and told me that he came to make a proposal to me. He related to me that, in his native town, there was a certain very wise and clever man, to whom it had occurred to invent a kind of machine which should show the time, like a clock, only of so small a size that any person could carry it in his pocket, and always have it with him, without any inconvenience whatever. The man, he said, had made some of these chronometers, and had then died; but very few of them had been distributed, because the price was so enormous. Jessada, being in possession of this work of art, determined to bring the invention into Germany; thinking Nuremberg the most likely place, and I the most likely handicraftsman to carry out his design. Being desirous of leaving to these children, two of whom have represented me as insane"—(here the poor man's voice was lost in distress and tears)—being desirous of leaving them a respectable fortune, and of rendering a service to mankind, I hastily accepted the proposal of the Florentine; and after having examined the little portable clock as much as was possible without injuring it, I offered, with good courage, and a lively faith in God's help, to imitate the invention, and to improve it where it might be necessary. We then came to the following agreement: I was to set to work, and Jessada was, in the meantime, to travel through Germany, Holland, France and England, with his little clock, and seek for customers, and then he was to return in a year for the clocks I should have made, and supply his customers with them. It was a thoughtless agreement on my part! The time flew away faster than I expected, and my doubts as to whether I should be able to keep my promise increased from day to day, and with my doubts my anxiety increased tenfold. The stated time drew nearer and nearer to a close, and nothing was yet done. My secret trouble of mind might reasonably make me seem disagreeable, and to all appearance half-crazy; and the tormenting spirit, the artifice and the reproaches of my family nearly drove me mad in reality."

The poor old man here stopped to breathe more freely and relieve the oppression at his heart. His daughter threw her arms affectionately and comfortingly round him, in recognition of which he stroked her forehead and cheeks with his hand, while the wife hid her face in her handkerchief and sobbed, and the sons knew not which way to look for shame.

"Give this good man a chair, that he may rest himself," said the mayor. The councilmen murmured among each other, some expressing pity, some wonder.

After a short interruption, quiet was restored; Peter Hele again rose, and with a cheerful and composed, but thoughtful countenance, proceeded as follows:

"It may perhaps be asked, why I opened my heart to nobody during so long a time, not even to my own family. To this I must answer—and to the praise of our native town be it said—that there are thousands and thousands of cleverer men than I in Nuremberg, and that one single word to one of these would have been sufficient to discover my secret, and, as the saying goes, to drive the goats into another pen. I was therefore obliged to be silent among my neighbors and friends, and it was not the less necessary to be silent with my wife, for women's ears are ever open, and their tongues never still. I was equally obliged to keep everything from my sons, for neither of them has a shadow of taste or talent for mechanics or mathematics, and they would never have been able to understand what I was about. When I had completed my undertaking, therefore, it would be time to make them useful assistants in my work; and the fame was sure to remain to them an almost certain inheritance, for posterity readily gives up those who are gone for those who are present. You see, gentlemen, how necessary it was for me to keep my secret; so do not seek an evidence of madness in my obstinate mysteriousness, or in the act of my leaving my daughter's house and getting into prison. The inquisitive tailor destroyed the little clock I had just put together. I found the work of many toilsome days and nights in atoms. What was there any longer to hope in a house like this? Like the first recluses in the desert, I put myself into a little cell. There—God's name be praised!—an invisible angel assisted me with its power, and not only enabled me to renew what the tailor had destroyed, but to make further improvements in my work. In short, gentlemen, my confident hope has not been disappointed, and God has permitted me to complete my design, and Jessada may come as soon as he pleases. The time-keeper is ready; and whilst that invented by the Florentine goes only twelve hours, and is then down, mine continues to go and to strike forty hours without any trouble."

Here put his hand into his breast, and pulled out the little so-called "Nuremberg Egg," the first of the name. All eyes were fixed in astonishment on the little master-piece of science, which at that moment, in clear and delicate strokes, struck the hour of noon, and, like the wood-worm, constantly ticking, accompanied the time as it flew. The councilmen sprang from their seats; the inventor of the wonderful piece of art was admitted upon the bench; and there, in the midst of the circle formed around him by the mayor and the rest of the council, he proceeded to point out and explain the different minute parts of his work.

"Do not lavish your praises, gentlemen," cried the old man, animated with enthusiasm and delight, "on what I have imperfectly performed, but rather let me thank Heaven, that by a devout contemplation of the works of the great Creator I have been enabled to perform at all. As I was making this living egg, I considered in my own mind that origin of all being—that invisible thing without which we could not exist; namely, Time. The wise Florentine, and I, in imitation of him, have taken the hours prisoner. In a little while, every man will be lord and master of time, and will be able to calculate when the sun and moon change places, when the planets rise and set, and how the mysterious zodiac rules the course of our globe. The clock will be to every man as a conscience which points out to him the lost, the gained, or the well-employed hours. It will be the comfort of every one, for it will enable us to count the fleeting moments of happiness, and with fortitude to reckon the heavy-winged hours of misfortune, which, though they appear to us to be stationary, pass on, through God's mercy, like the rest. Upon this time-keeper, the sufferer can calculate the period of his recovery, the prisoner the hour of his release, and the dying the hour of his admission into Paradise. The priest will not forget the hour of prayer, nor the judge the hour which calls him to his duty; and the many cruel moments of suspense experienced by one accused, when awaiting the judgment——" Here the unanimous voices of the council interrupted Peter Hele.

"Go forth, noble old man," cried they, "an ornament as you are to our excellent town! Go to your own home attended by the praises and blessings of your townsmen, and long may you live to the profit and honor of the place which gave you birth. Were you not so kind a father, we would open the doors of your prison to receive those who would have sent you to a madhouse; but for your sake they shall be forgiven, and left to their own shame for punishment."

The ingenious and talented artificer was accompanied to his own home like a victor. Like the Sophocles of old, he had been obliged to exhibit his own work in order to save the honor of his genius; but whilst the Grecian poet may have awakened the spirit of the Furies in the breasts of his ungrateful children during the reading of his tragedy, the sons of Peter Hele felt only the paltry regret of the vanquished, and simply reproached themselves for having considerably postponed, through their own fault, the profits of a lucrative speculation. The father forgave them from his heart, but the sons loved him no better than before, although they inherited, as he had said, the fame of his invention. Posterity has always regarded the younger Peter Hele as the inventor of the watch.

The municipal council retained the little machine of Peter Hele in their own hands until the expiration of the forty hours. Young and old thronged to behold the little wonder, but it was some whispered something about enchantment, and others of direct agency by the good angels of the inventor. Consequential people turned up their noses, and said they had already seen such quackery in Venice and Bologna; and pretended connoisseurs criticised and found fault, and declared they could themselves have made something better. Business-people, who are so careful of their hours, praised the new invention from their hearts; but the ladies, who are no observers of time, railed loudly against its faithful guardian. The majority united at length in the opinion, that it was a pity that watches had not been sooner invented. The invention could, said they, be but the work of a day—it was mere child's play—nothing could be more natural or more simple. The Nuremberg "living egg" shared exactly the fate of the egg of Columbus.

The reader may not perhaps know that the first watches are supposed to have been made in the form of an egg.

A WIFE'S PARDON.

Now that the first wild pang is past and over,
Now I have learn'd to accept it as a truth,
That man love not as women, that the lover
To whom the woman gives herself, her youth,
Her trust, her love, her worship—in his heart,
Just on the surface—keeps a spot apart,

Deck'd with gay weeds, and painted flies and flowers,
Bright to the eye, all scentless though they be:
Beneath whose flaunting blooms and shadeless flowers
He can receive as flaunting company;
I can forgive thee, knowing that I hold,
Alone of all, the key of purest gold

That locks the gate beyond, whose golden trellis
Shuts out the common herd and shuts in me,
'Mid nightingales and fountains, where a palace
Hymen hath built, and I alone with thee
Can dwell while both shall live, supreme to reign
The rightful queen of this my fair domain

So, I forgive thee, husband, yes, I pardon,
I give thee back the love I had withdrawn;
Love—ay, but not the same love, that gay garden
With all its florid flowers, its dance-trod lawn,
Its painted butterflies, a tomb contains
Wherein lie buried Trust's poor cold remains.

THE ANCESTRY OF PRESIDENT ADAMS.—In the Elgin paper of a few days back, under the head "Varieties," John Adams, second President of the United States, is represented to have been the son of a cobbler. The only wonder is that he was not said to have been the son of a convict. There is a littleness in trying to pull down great men. John Adams, one of the founders of that noble Constitution which has created the great Republic of America, was not the son of a cobbler, but the son of a clergyman. His descent would have graced any Court in Europe. He was descended from one of the eldest families in Devonshire and Gloucestershire, one of whom sat as an English Baron in the Parliaments of Edward I. His father, Adam Fitzherbert, was lineally descended from the ancient Counts de Vermandois. Lord Adam's wife (the ancestress of this second President of America) was the daughter and sole heiress of Lord de Gournay, of Beverston Castle, in Gloucestershire, the representative of the ancient house of Harpitre de Gournai, a branch of the great house of "Yvery," which was connected with every Sovereign house in Europe. It might puzzle the Elgin paper to find a higher descent. The late Edward Adams, Esq., M. P., of Middleton Hall, Carmarthenshire, is a descendant of the Elder branch of this family; and Anthony Davis, Esq., of Misbourne House, Chalfont Saint Giles, Bucks, is its representative.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

We have been much amused in Paris by sundry news from the busy world without; and scraps from Baden, Homburg, and Aix-les-Bains, have now and then been providentially sent to enliven our solitude and nourish appetite for scandal, which otherwise must perish during the long months wherein no food is found in the usually rich pastures of the Champs Elysees and the Boulevards. The latest event, brought hither on the wings of rumor, is the separation *de corps et des biens* of a newly-married couple who left us but a few weeks ago, full of love and affection, and all the tender sentiments induced by a *mariage d'inclination* of the purest kind. The lady is young and fair, the gentleman chivalrous and tender; and yet here they both stand before the Tribunal, asking to separate those whom God has so recently joined in a tie which they had thought to be indissoluble. It seems that the bridegroom, whose love is said to have been so violent, that he consented to the greatest sacrifices in order to secure the consent of the young lady's parents, had no sooner obtained that which he sought, than he no longer appreciated its value, and openly expressed his regret among his friends at the Jockey Club at the folly of which he had been guilty; while the bride, after a fortnight's acquaintance with her husband, writes home to her mother:—"I know that Maxime possesses every quality which can make an accomplished cavalier. He is handsome, agreeable, sings beautifully, dances well, and talks learnedly; but pity me, my dear mother, since he has been my husband I cannot endure him!" The bridegroom, meanwhile, who now declares his love as ardent as ever, was taking every method to improve the mind and manners of his bride, and having large experience in the style and habits of the Prado and Mabille, he was all the time endeavoring to initiate his pupil into a world entirely new to her, teaching her to smoke like "Madlle. Malvina," to wear her bonnet like "Madlle. Clarisse," and to step out without fear like "Madlle. Ophelie," all of them great authorities with a certain class of fashionables, but little formed to serve as examples either in *tenue* or manners to the convent-bred daughter of the Count de C. In this manner, and beguiled by these agreeable occupations and this pleasant task of teaching the young idea how to shoot, the bridegroom arrived with his fair bride at Venice. Here the young lady, after shining amongst the most brilliant and beautiful, was announced to appear at the grand ball given by the Princess Malabrisi, and great was the curiosity excited to behold the effect of the magnificent display of diamonds, which had formerly belonged to the bridegroom's mother, and formed the nine days' wonder at Paris during the exhibition of the *corbeille*. With the *naiveté* so peculiar to the ladies of the south, the expectation of the arrival was alone the predominant thought in the ball-room, and when at length the time passed away, and the young couple did not make their appearance, all kinds of suppositions got afloat, and the company separated, fully convinced that some catastrophe had happened, which conviction was strengthened by the sudden disappearance of the French Consul from the scene of festivity, and the rumor that he had been sent for to the palazzo were the young couple resided. The next day the whole city was *en emoi*—the bridegroom arrested on a charge of an attempt to murder his wife, and the wife, implacable and vindictive, refusing to listen to reason or excuse. It seems that the overpowering vanity of the husband having suggested the propriety of wearing the whole of the diamonds, he had insisted somewhat abruptly upon his wife ornamenting her head with the ancient comb of silver worn by his mother, in which still remain the finest stones of the whole collection. Upon her refusal, he came behind the maid, who was just giving the last finishing touch to her lady's *coiffure*, and stuck the comb in her hair, whereupon the wife, seizing it angrily, attempted to dislodge it, the husband still holding it firmly in its place. Somehow, by a sudden movement, the lady, so says the husband, in her endeavors to get away, knocked her head against the wall, and forced the teeth of the unlucky comb into her head; while the wife maintains that he, growing angry at her opposition, thrust the teeth of the ornamental but murderous weapon into her hair and head, causing the blood to flow, and placing her life in danger. The result has been such a dire hatred on her part, that, in spite of the acquittal of her husband by the local authorities, and the declaration of the Consul, that no ground of charge existed against him—in spite of his expressed penitence and renewed love—here we have the pair pleading *en separation* with as much ardor as if they had been married for years, and knew each other's failings by heart. The lamentations of the bride's mother are the most French of all; she takes the entire blame to herself for having suffered her daughter to follow the indecorous English fashion of spending the honeymoon abroad, instead of under the eye of her mother, whose business it would have been to have arranged all these "little differences."—*Court Journal.*

THE CHANCES OF SUICIDE.—In Paris you are twelve times as likely to commit suicide as you are out of Paris in France generally. Hat wearer that you are, you have three chances to kill yourself to the one you would have if you wore a bonnet. You will have but one chance when you are married to the three that you now have as a bachelor, and if your wife that is to be should some day leave you a widower, your chances would increase fifteen fold. If you become rich, your chances will increase with your wealth; if poor, they will decrease all the way to the starvation point. If you should embrace one of your many chances, you will probably use charcoal fumes, (29 chances;) if that is too quiet a way, you will jump into the Seine, (20 chances;) if you are prejudiced against drowning, and do not think it a dignified way of dying, you will hang yourself, (15 chances;) if that does not seem quick enough, you will blow your brains out, (12 chances;) if you find it impossible to pull the trigger, you will jump from your highest window and dash your brains out on the pavement, (9 chances;) if you have no window, there are poignards, razors, and all sorts of gashing things, (4 chances;) and lastly, if none of these will do, the three remaining chances are divided between arsenic, prussic acid and strychnine.

A SENSIBLE LOVER.—A comfortable farmer, falling in love with a young damsel, made proposals to her which were rejected. As he could not live without her, and she would not live with him, he resolved to adopt the Goldsmith remedy, and "wring her bosom" by dying. Now, an ordinary lover, so situated, would have taken prussic acid or jumped into the Moray Frith; but our hero, much more considerately, sent the lady a message to the effect that he would not lay summary hands upon himself—he would slowly "pine awa'." This gave her time for second thoughts; and as he pined and pined, and grew thinner and thinner, her heart relented, and she stopped his wasting career by marrying him. They are now one of the most comfortable couples in the country.

CLIMBING A GREASED POLE.—During the holding of the Berkshire County Fair, at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, last week, the occasion was enlivened by some of the good old English sports, such as foot-races, wrestling, &c. The Springfield Republican says that which attracted the greatest crowd was the climbing of a greased pole. This athletic drollery is a time-honored amusement at fairs in some parts in England, and at the festivals of the wine harvest, in the south of France. We are not aware that it has ever been practiced in this country, and as perhaps this is the introduction of a novelty, that will soon prevail at our farmer's festivals, we may be excused in giving some account of it. On a grassy slope of the field, a pine pole had been raised, about sixty feet high, and as straight and smooth as Hiawatha's arrow. The bark had been stripped from it, and all its roughness carefully taken away. The first fifteen feet retained its natural smooth surface, but beyond that it had been smeared with a thin coat of grease. About thirty feet from the ground, the alluring prize of silver dollars hung, tied to the pole with a slender ribbon. Early in the morning a crowd of spectators gathered around the pole, and numbers of carriages, filled with ladies, stood aloof, and from these bursts of laughter announced the failure of the many poor fellows who struggled in vain for the prizes. Many and many an aspiring youth, cheered on by his comrades, shot up the first twenty feet, with an agility that threatened the glittering prize; but, alas, when he arrived at the treacherous grease, his hands and feet slipped his strength gave out, and casting a despairing look up at the shining dollars, he slipped like a spent rocket, to the ground. Several dollars were won, however, then a silver watch, said to be worth $16, was tied to the pole—a prize that would repay the greatest efforts. Scores tried in vain to win this. One cunning chap put sand in his pocket, and holding on with one hand applied it with the other, but before he could take advantage of his craft, his strength failed, and he fell like a Lucifer never to rise again. At last a little German boy of Pontoosuc, named Weydman, stepped forward and climbed up like a bear-cub. When within five feet of the watch, he looked at it steadily a moment, and giving three leaps, in which he seemed to loose his hold of the pole entirely, he clutched the prize, and slid back amid tumultuous applause. It was found that his hands were resined, but as this was deemed fair play, he was allowed to keep the watch, and won another in the same way.

A RACE FOR LIFE.—The Republic, published at Shasta, in the northern part of California, tells the following in its issue of Sept. 5:

"On Monday last, one of the stages which runs upon the Yreka road, left the Pitt River station on its way from Yreka to the valley. The coach had no passengers, and was driven by Jared Robbins, familiarly known among the drivers as 'Curly Jerry.' After leaving the Pitt River station, the road passes over a stretch of 30 miles, through a wilderness in which no water can be obtained, and without a white inhabitant. A great portion of this distance is through timber or chaparel. After proceeding several miles over this lonely and desolate road, a shower of arrows were suddenly poured in upon Jerry from the thick bushes which lined each side of the road. Wounded in many places, and with many arrows sticking in his clothes and flesh, 'Curly' put the whip to his horses, and commenced a race for life through an ambuscade, the extent of which he was unable to determine. The affrighted horses, hit with several arrows, bounded over the ground—flying with such rapidity that the vehicle threatened every moment to capsize or smash in pieces against the stumps and rocks. From every bush and hiding-place capable of concealing a foe, Jerry received a flight of arrows. At length a small prairie was reached, clear and open, affording no lurking place for the savages. Fortune favors the brave, and fortune favored Jerry. In the middle of this prairie the coach, which had received many severe shocks, suddenly broke down. Jerry, bleeding from many wounds, hastily jumped from the box, and commenced unhitching his horses from the vehicle. This action was observed by the Indians behind, who, with a thousand yells, sprang from their ambuscades and charged upon him. But Jerry was in time. He sprang upon one of the horses, and, leading the others, again commenced running the gauntlet for life. The prairie was passed, and the team again plunged into the chapparel. The ambuscade still continued, and Jerry's clothes became fairly riddled with arrows, even to his gloves. But although covered with blood, he continued to urge on his horses, encouraged by the thought that every bound brought him nearer the Hat Creek station. As he drew near this post, the shooting gradually slackened, and Jerry finally arrived at the door more dead than alive, having ridden through an ambuscade ten miles in length. A messenger was immediately despatched to Shasta, for a surgeon. Although the driver has sixteen wounds, none of them are mortal, and he is now considered in a fair way to recover."

EMPTY BOTTLES NAVIGATING THE OCEAN.—Capt. Beecher, editor of the English Nautical Magazine, has compiled within the last ten years, the following curious voyages of bottles thrown into the sea by unfortunate navigators. A good many bottles thrown into the sea next to the African coast, found their way to Europe. The bottle seems to have anticipated the Panama route, having travelled from the Panama isthmus to the Irish coast. Another crossed the Atlantic from the Canaries to Nova Scotia. Three or four bottles thrown into the sea by Greenland mariners on Davis's Strait, landed on the Northwest coast of Ireland. Another one made a very curious trip; it swam from the South Atlantic Ocean to the West coast of Africa, passed Gibraltar, went along the Portuguese coast of France, and was finally picked up on Jersey Island. One bottle was found after sixteen years' swimming; one after fourteen, and two after ten years. A few only travelled more than one year, and one only five days. This was sent off by the captain of the Race Horse, on the 17th of April in the Caribbean Sea, and was found on the 22d, after having gone through three degrees of longitude (210 miles) Western direction. Capt. McClure of the Investigator, threw a bottle into the sea in 1850, on his way to Behring's Strait. It swam 3,600 miles in two hundred days, and was picked up on the Honduras coast.

RATHER AMUSING.—Col. Miram Pearson, of California, is now travelling in Europe. Recent foreign letters say that, having arrived at Vienna, he applied to the proper authorities for permission to inspect the Government buildings. He was refused on the ground that no one but a member of the European Congress of Science, then in session in Vienna, could be admitted. Thereupon he applied to be received in the Congress as a member, stating that his diploma had been destroyed by the great conflagration in San Francisco. This demand was complied with, and he was treated with the greatest consideration by all the members of the body except the Archduke Charles, who took exception to his admission, as he had no diploma. Col. Pearson, feeling himself aggrieved at the manner in which the Archduke's objections were made, challenged him; whereupon the Archduke descended from his dignity, apologized, explained, and all was satisfactorily settled. Col. Pearson submitted to the chair of Surgery, and named a Vice President of the Congress!

IMMENSE ENGINE CRANK.—At the Mersey Steel and Iron Works, at Liverpool, there has been made the largest double-throw or locomotive crank ever forged, which, when complete, will weigh some seventeen tons. It consists of masses of wrought iron welded together, and condensed by a steam hammer of nine tons weight. The forging of the crank is in detail, each end of it being subject to operation separately. The masses of iron were suspended by a crane, and the portion to be wrought was inserted in an immense furnace, and completely surrounded by its intense fires, from which it was brought out a white heat. The glowing metal was then moved by a crane, and guided by thirty-five men to the anvil beneath the steam hammer, the ponderous strokes of which brought it by degrees to the required solidity and structure.

☞ A package of old love letters recently brought a man $20,000 in Bristol, Eng. His first flame married another man, and he himself also married, but retained the letters of his first love, against an occasional remonstrance of his wife. After some years the writer of the letters died a widow, leaving her old lover $20,000, and her letters to him were essential to prove his identity. His wife is now glad she was not allowed to burn the evidence of her husband's early affection for another.—*Ex. Paper.*

TRAGEDY IN HIGH LIFE.—The dreadful misfortune which has recently happened to the Marquis de M———, has filled the French diplomatic circles with indescribable sadness. The marquis, whose name is known and respected in every country whither his name and talents have caused him to be despatched as envoy and charge d'affairs, had arrived in Paris, full of health and spirits, on his way to Moscow, where he was hurrying as spectator of the fetes of the coronation. The marquis had arrived straight from Southampton, where he had landed from the Peninsular steamer a few days before. Some say now, that it was less to behold the fetes than to avoid the consequences of an ill-governed attachment that he had left Madrid, and that he had, on board the boat, expressed his satisfaction of having thus courageously put an end to an affair which could bring nought but woe both to his own family and that of the lady from whose love he sought to fly, after having been at so much pains to secure it. Just two days after his arrival, the marquis, who had been absent all the morning from his hotel, in pursuit of his passport, paying visits to old friends, and other occupations incidental to a return to a long deserted residence, did not get back till a late hour, merely in time to dress for dinner at the Princess Bragacion's. On entering the hotel the waiter met him with a significant look, and the information that a lady had been waiting for him for many hours in his apartment. The announcement came like a thunder-shock upon the conscience of the guilt-stricken marquis, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could summon courage sufficient to enter his room. He traversed the drawing-room—no one was there, nor did he behold any trace of the arrival of a stranger. Perhaps a faint hope stole to his heart that, weary with watching, his fair partner might have slipped out unperceived, and gone back to her hotel till the morrow, in which case, by departing by the first train, he should yet escape her, and he entered his bedroom rather relieved, and filled with the idea of the haste to be made to avoid the meeting he so much dreaded. It was some time before he approached the bed, but, as he drew aside the curtain, a loud exclamation of horror burst from his lips. There, crouched upon the pillow, lay the pale, stricken form of her whom he had betrayed and fled from. She was already cold, and life must have been extinct for many hours. A small phial was still clenched in her fingers—she had drained its deadly contents to the very last drop. Close by her, on the pillow, lay a letter written in an agitated hand, and addressed to the marquis. It merely contained a few lines of forgiveness and farewell, and a declaration of the reason of the unhappy writer's disgust of life since deprived of the only blessing which could render life of value, the love of him for whose sake she lived. It is needless to say that the marquis proceeded not on his journey to Moscow, neither did he retrace his steps to Madrid, but remains here in sadness and desolation. The lady is reported to have belonged to one of the highest families in Madrid—a widow, with several children, one of whom is page to Queen Isabella.—*French Paper.*

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE—TWO WOMEN EATEN BY WOLVES.—Our pen has seldom to record a more heart-rending circumstance than we are about to relate. Some days ago in the northerly extremity of the township of Mornington, two females went out in the evening in search of their cows, and not returning that night, search was made in the morning, when their skeletons were only to be found, their flesh having been devoured by the wolves. We are yet unable to record the particulars—the sad outlines only having as yet reached us. Our informant also states that a man in that locality has been missing for the last ten days. No trace of him can be found whatever, and fears are entertained that he met the same lamentable fate as the unfortunate women.

The wolves were never before known to be so numerous or so ravenous as they are this season in this section of the country. It is regarded as unsafe to be alone on the public highway after dark. Reports are reaching us almost every week of some of their ravages through the country. Almost everybody has been visited by them, and mischief done to a greater or less extent.

A farmer in North Easthope had thirty sheep killed in one single night by them. They drove them to the barn yard and killed them there. A few nights previous they killed twelve belonging to the same man.

Bears are also numerous and remarkably saucy. A Mr. Bennett, of Mornington, was attacked a short time ago, in his own field, a little after dark, by an old bear with three cubs. He fought her off till some of the neighbors came to his relief. An immense one was killed in Mornington a few days ago.—*Dumfries (Canada West) Reformer, 15th.*

HORRIBLE CRUELTY—CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.—A tragedy took place at Lockport, N. Y., on Tuesday, exhibiting such revolting cruelty, as to be almost incredible. A little boy, five years of age, belonging to a Mrs. Story, was roasted alive by a fiend in human shape—a white woman—named Cregg. The evidence elicited before the coroner's jury, shows that the victim was left with a smaller child by its mother, when Mrs. Cregg, who lived in another portion of the house, took the opportunity and entered the apartment, and proceeded to the execution of the deed, which she had previously threatened. With horrid imprecations, the child was held on the fire by its tormentor, until its leg and bowels were burnt to a cinder, then, with satanic revenge, the body of the child was reversed by the murderess, until its back was roasted to a crisp. It died in a few hours after, and the woman is now in jail.

THE LONDON TIMES relates an instance of womanly presence of mind which occured at Southend lately. A gentleman engaged a bathing machine, and had swam out about a hundred feet from the machine, when a cry was heard of "save me, save me." He was attacked with cramp; his arms were upright and fingers extended. A young man swam out to him, and could have brought him ashore had not the drowning man clasped him round and prevented further action. They both sank together. At this moment a delicate-looking young woman, about twenty years of age, rushed in the sea and swam out to them with all her clothes on, and succeeded in holding both up till a boat arrived and rescued them. The drowning man was taken ashore insensible, and the usual remedies were applied with success.

AN INDEPENDENT WOMAN.—There is now living upon Bake's Island, in Casco Bay, off the coast of Maine, a woman of great hardihood. The island contains about five acres, the largest portion of which she has put under cultivation, raising handsome crops of potatoes, and other vegetables, yearly. The land never was ploughed, but has been thoroughly hoed over by her. The remaining portion she devotes to raising hay of a very superior quality, every crop of which she has mowed and cured with her own hands. The early part of the day she devotes to fishing, going through the breakers in a light skiff, rowing single handed, where many a strong man would hesitate. The results of her days' fishing she exchanges for money and groceries, with dealers who visit the island from Portland.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF A LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE ON A HORSE.—An intelligent friend in this city, just returned from the State Fair at Watertown, relates the following singular incident, which occurred at Evansville, Jefferson County, in his presence:—A gentleman with a very fine, high-spirited, four years' old horse, had driven down to the station for the purpose, as he said, of accustoming his horse to the locomotive whistle. As the train appeared, the engine screamed of course, as an engine only can scream, and at the first sound of the whistle, the horse fell down dead in his tracks, the victim of mortal fright.—*Buffalo Republic.*

RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT AT LOUISVILLE.—The Louisville Courier says:—No small degree of excitement prevails among the Methodists of our city, in consequence of the action of the members of Sehon Chapel, who have withdrawn from the control of the Conference, and organized themselves into an independent body. This was brought about by Bishop Early removing their popular and excellent pastor, Rev. Mr. Sunley, to another station, when he was in the midst of useefulness at his present post.

MR. HENDRICK.—We learn that at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of the University of South Carolina, held on Saturday last, it was resolved that Mr. Hedrick has ceased to be useful as a professor in the University; and the Secretary was directed to inform him of the fact. It is expected that, as a matter of course, he will at once resign. Should he refuse to do so, however, we have no doubt he will be *removed*.—*N. C. Standard, Oct. 15.*

THE WRECKED STEAMER MONMOUTH.—We learn from the Norfolk papers (says the Baltimore Sun) that timbers, planks, &c., from the wreck of the steamer Monmouth, lost off the Wolf Trap, in the Chesapeake Bay, on the 14th inst., are strewn along the shore near Little Creek inlet, and that trunks, clothing, and other articles have also been found since the accident happened. On Thursday the body of a little girl, about seven years of age, floated ashore. She was of light complexion, having on a pink calico dress, dark under-clothes, worked pantalets, and red morocco shoes. She was no doubt one of the two children of Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, who were passengers in the M. and all four drowned. Two boys, James and Theodore, of the same family, were saved on the raft, and with the other passengers saved were taken off by the steamer Louisiana and brought to Baltimore. The corpse was decently interred in the neighborhood where it was found. The Norfolk Argus says:

"We learn from a gentleman who saw the corpse, that it was singularly beautiful. The wild rage of the angry surge that bore it rapidly to the sandy shore, aided by the fury of the winds that sung its solemn requiem at midnight, all failed to deprive it of its native charms. The full, round cheek, though pale and lifeless and cold as marble, was still beautiful—lovely in death. The light silken tresses that lay upon its death-cold brow and neck, with the well wrought lace work that told of maternal pride and fondness, gave a sad interest to the infant corpse, as it lay there, alone and still in death's relentless embrace, upon the cold sand, and away from the home of its infant loves and joyous hours and the happy pastimes of simple childhood."

The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Davidson and their remaining child have not yet been found.

A CELEBRATED POLISH WRITER IN EXILE.—A letter to the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung, dated Brussels, Aug. 28, says:—

"In the streets of Brussels may be seen, from time to time, an old, poorly clad man, with snow-white hair, a fine, expressive face, and beautiful, intelligent eyes. His black dress coat threadbare, and his cap so weather-stained that it would be impossible to tell the color of the cloth. His form is bent with gout, and yet he always walks very briskly, cane in hand. Sometimes he has a loaf of bread under his arm, a bottle of beer, or a little butter on a cabbage leaf. Every time I pass him I bow to him, though personally I do not know him. The man lives in a miserable garret in the *Rue du Marias*, where there is no fire in the winter; a poor bed, a few chairs, an old secretary, books and manuscripts, comprise his furniture. This man is Joachim Lelewel, now seventy years of age, the most celebrated Polish writer of modern times, who, during the Polish revolution, was Minister of Public Instruction, and since 1833, has lived at Brussels. He refuses all sympathy, from friends as well as admirers, but lives in self-imposed poverty, from the scanty income derived from his literary labors. A professorship of history, which the Belgian Government, and afterwards the University, had offered him, he refused to accept. An old lady of noble birth died recently, who esteemed the learned Polish refugee so highly that, though not knowing him personally, she left him a legacy, of six hundred francs a year. I don't know whether he has accepted it."

THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON TIMES.—That mysterious personage, of whom everybody has heard, but of whom so little is known, the editor of the London Times, is now in this country. He has gone to Canada, but intends coming to New York in time to witness the great struggle for the Presidency in November. The name of this great potentate in the newspaper world is Delaine; and, like many great potentates in the history of nations, he has inherited his honors. The father of Mr. Delaine was many years a sub-editor of the Times, and afterwards editor-in-chief of the Morning Chronicle. The young Delaine was educated at Cambridge, and served under his father, while the latter was on the Times, and the father and son were editors of the rival papers at the same time. There are now in this country the editor-in-chief and two of the prominent writers of the "leading journals," Mr. Lowe and Mr. Fillmore.

CONSTRUCTION OF WIRE CABLES.—It may be interesting to the inquiring mind, to know how the immense cables, which are employed to support suspension bridges, are manufactured and placed on the towers which support them. They are made on the spot, and in the place they are to occupy. There is no twist in the strands; but each wire is stretched across independently, and laid by the side of the others, after which the whole is bound together by small wires, at intervals of every few inches. The four cables which support the bridge at Niagara are some twelve or thirteen inches in diameter—far to heavy to be handled as a whole by any ordinary or extraordinary tackle; but being laid with each wire pulling independently, and each carefully stretched at the outset, so as to correspond with the others, the whole difficulty is surmounted, and the fullest possible strength of each wire is availed of.

PORK AND PICKONS.—A gentleman, who left northern Ohio last Wednesday, says mast is very plentiful in the woods this Fall, attracting immense quantities of pigeons, and offering abundant food for hogs; but as the drovers have been all though that State during the past summer, paying, in some instances, as high as 4½ cents per pound, nearly all the hogs have been driven East, otherwise the price of pork would be quite low this fall. The proportion of live hogs taken East increases every year. On account of the abundance of mast, the "wood-duck" frequent the woods in great numbers, and the sportsmen have no difficulty in filling their bags, either with ducks or pigeons. Some deer are taken. One was killed a few days ago, the saddle of which weighed fifty-four pounds.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

CRUELTY IN CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Coroner Erwin, of Cleveland, Ohio, held an inquest on Saturday evening week, on the body of Barbara Foman, a child, between eight and nine years old, who had died that morning. From the testimony taken, it appeared that the child had been brutally whipped some four weeks previous, by Frederick Bowers, her present school-master, and the jury found a verdict that she had come to her death from the effects of the injuries inflicted by the said Bowers, who was forthwith arrested. It seems that Bowers was a Catholic, and punished the child for attending the "Ragged Schools" on Sunday.

☞ PRESERVES FOR FAMILY JARS.—Preserve your temper every day, and take care it never boils over.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The offerings of Beef Cattle continue large, and prices are, during the past few days lower, with some 250 head left over.

The following sales were reported at the Bull's Head new Drove yards:

90 Chester Co., Hathaway & McPillan, good, @6¾.
80 Virginia, Hathaway & McPillan, common, 6¼, gross.
40 Chester Co., Robert Neeley, fair, 6¾.
100 Virginia, John Todd, fair, 6 gross and 1 tet.
90 Maryland, John Todd, fair 6¾.
84 Virginia, J. Cochran, fair, 7@7¼.
120 Virginia, N. Wrenn, fair, 7@7¼.
40 do J. Bastable, fair, 7 and gross.
40 Delaware, S. Holmes, fair, 6¾.
60 Chester Co., Hood & Mennear, fair, 6@6¾.
50 Virginia, Cochran & McCall, fair 6¾.
47 Chester Co., Hood & Marshall, fair, 7@7¼.
14 do do Hayden & Hughes, fair, 7@7¼.
84 Virginia, J. J. Chancellor, fair, 7,@7,3@ gross.
100, different parties, 7 to 8.

At Strickland's, the market is to be held on Monday and Tuesday hereafter. The following are the sales:

70 Virginia, Abrams & Hutchman, common, @7¼@.
60 Chester Co., do do.
60 do do Ed. Riterbaugh, good, fair, 8@.
70 Virginia, Wilhelm's, T. Strickland, good, fair.
do do Miller's, do do do.
20 Ohio, B. Yaglee, fair 7@8.
25 Chester Co., A Kennedy, good, 8@.
21 Ohio, McConnahe, fair, 7@8.
40 Ohio, Strickland, fair, 7@8.

At Corbett's some 50@60 Beef Cattle were at market, and sales were made at @3 gross to @10 net, the 92 lb.

Of Cows and Calves on the offerings at the different yards were about 400, principally at the Washington Drove Yard, Rider Avenue; sales ranging at from $20 to $50 for fresh; $22 to $32 for springers; and $15 to $40 for dry cows, including 90 at Corbett's at from $15 to $30, and 40 at Strickland's at about the very first cow from Virginia, sold at the latter yard for $50.

Of Hogs the receipts reach about 2500 at Singer's Yard, including 700 at Corbett's; the demand was brisk, and all at yards sold at from $5 to $5 30 for corn fed, and $7 50@7 75 the 100 lbs for still fed.

The offerings of Sheep and Lambs are large, in all about 6000, principally at Corbett's and Strickland's. The Sheep brought from $3 to $5 75, and the Lambs from $5 50 to $6 each, as to quality. The market was brisk. The following sales were made at Corbett's:

1200 Pens, Steele & Ilsbrich $2,50@5 87
1200 do do W. Mayer, for 87 per lbs 2,50@5 87
200 do do G. Hesser, for J. Child and others
200 Lancaster Co., T. Abrams
200 do do M. Connell
200 Ohio, W. B. Shoaff
200 do do J. Bastable
Average price $5,50 each.

The following is a recapitulation of the sales, and where from—

	Beef Cattle.
Virginia	400
Pennsylvania	250
Chester Co.	300
Ohio	200
Delaware	60
Total head	1210
Cows and Calves	400
Hogs	2500
Sheep and Lambs	5000

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
October 27, 1856.

There has been more activity in the Produce Markets since our last review. The foreign news has given an upward tendency to Breadstuffs, and most kinds are bringing rather better prices. Hay is scarce, and Quercitron is wanted at a further advance. Cotton is unsettled and lower; the market, however, closes with more firmness on the part of holders. Coal rests the same stationary, with fair receipts and sales. Iron is lower, and sales of Pig Metal have been made at a decline on previous quotations. Groceries are more active, with free sales of Sugar and Molasses at advanced rates. Coffee also closes rather firmer. For Provisions there is nothing worthy mention at a stand, without much change to note. Hemp, Hides and Leather remain quiet, for this week of stock. In Naval Stores there is rather more doing in Spirits Turpentine and Rosin, and prices are tending up. Oils remain quiet. Seeds—Not much doing, but Clover and Flaxseed seem steadily demand. Whiskey is more sought after, and 1500 bbls were sold at 25c, part to be required for, and held more firmly, with moderate receipts. Whiskey closes coarse, and is in better demand at the decline. Another grinding lesson has an important changes to note. The Dry Goods Trade looks on well, with both the Job and commission houses; among the latter we notice a consignment of the finest description of Cotton Goods, and prices show a further slight advance, and a fair business is doing in all staple articles, particularly heavy Brown Goods, which keep well up. Cassimeres and Prints are also scarce, and shawls are being put up in new styles. Stripes and Ticks are in light stock and firm. Carpets, Cassimeres, and Satinets remain steady in price, with moderate sales. Flannels are in fair request, but Blankets are dull. Shawls purchases, and sales moderate.

ASHES.—Both Pots and Pearls continue to come forward on the advance, with a very light stock to operate on.

BARK.—Further small receipts and sales of 1st No. 1 Quercitron, in all about 150 hhds, are reported at $30 @ 32c, which is the outside price; it is scarce and in demand at that rate. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BREADSTUFFS.—Continues in demand at 25c; there is very little offering or selling, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers.

CANDLES.—All kinds continue in good demand at previous quotations, with but few small sales to note.

COAL.—There is a good demand for the supply of the New York market, but Eastern orders come in slowly, and prices rule about stationary. Nothing doing in Allegheny Coal.

The Anthracite Coal trade of the Lehigh and Schuylkill regions, for the past week, and for the season, has been as follows:

FOR THE WEEK.

	1855.	1856.		
Lehigh Canal	39,974	32,352	Dec.	5,622
Lehigh Val. RR.		8,342	Inc.	8,342
Schuylkill Canal	81,821	82,795	Inc.	1,774
Reading Railroad	47,187	52,183	Inc.	4,996
Total for week	178,182	124,817	Inc.	9,490

FOR THE YEAR.

	1855.	1856.		
Lehigh Canal	1,100,690	862,150	Dec.	238,740
Lehigh Val. RR.		102,602	Inc.	102,602
Schuylkill Canal	924,072	786,530	Inc.	62,458
Reading Railroad	3,999,990	1,981,575	Dec.	791,015
Total	6,024,852	3,232,857		92,385

COTTON.—The market has been inactive, but without any particular alteration to notice. Prime to fair qualities receive good attention, but other kinds, of which stock is nearly exhausted, are neglected. About 2000 bags, mostly Uplands, have been taken, principally Rio, within the range of 10@11c, as to quality, all on the usual terms, and 400 bags prime Java at 14½c, on the usual terms. The market closes with a better inquiry and more firmness on the part of holders.

COPPER.—The market is quiet and depressed, and some holders, in order to meet the views of buyers, have submitted to a decline of ½@¾c on previous quotations. The demand, however, has been limited, and only about 1000 bales have been disposed of, mostly in small lots, within the range of 12½@14c for Plancla, and 13½@15c for Mobile and New Orleans, cash and time. At the close there was rather more firmness on the part of holders, under the intelligence from abroad, but buyers were not disposed to operate at the present high rates.

DRUGS and DYES.—There has been more activity in the market, and about 150 tons Soda Ash have been sold, part to arrive, at 3c, which rate is now refused. Some 80 casks Muriatic Indigo also sold, on terms not public; 20 casks Bengal at 12@17½c, and 5 do Guatemala, 14c, 4 mos. Madder is also in demand, and 50 casks Dutch sold at 10½c, 4 mos.

FEATHERS.—Come in slowly, and prime Western find ready sale at 35@36c, as to lots.

FISH.—The market has been very inactive this week, about 900 bbls Mackerel, mostly Halifax, have been disposed of on spading, on terms not public. Some 300 bbls pickled Herring, and 1000 boxes Scaled Herring have also been sold, part to arrive, at 3c, which rate is now refused. Some Straits Mackerel in dull request, and held more firmly, with moderate receipts. Whiskey closes coarse, and is in better demand at the decline. Another grinding lesson has an important changes to note. The Dry Goods Trade looks on well, with both the Job and commission houses; among the latter we notice a consignment of the finest description of Cotton Goods, and prices show a further slight advance, and a fair business is doing in all staple articles, particularly heavy Brown Goods, which keep well up. Cassimeres and Prints are also scarce, and shawls are being put up in new styles. Stripes and Ticks are in light stock and firm. Carpets, Cassimeres, and Satinets remain steady in price, with moderate sales. Flannels are in fair request, but Blankets are dull. Shawls purchases, and sales moderate.

ASHES.—Both Pots and Pearls continue to come forward on the advance, with a very light stock to operate on.

BARK.—Further small receipts and sales of 1st No. 1 Quercitron, in all about 150 hhds, are reported at 30@

LAST ISLAND SUFFERERS.

Extract from a Letter written by a Lady Residing near East Island, La.

People are recovering, in a measure, from the ects of the storm. There never was seen in the rld a more awful calamity. You would hardly dit what I could tell you concerning it. One the rescued dined with us the other day—a R——, who had been given up as lost irrerably. A reward was offered for his body, friends mourning for him, when, by the strant chance, he was discovered. He had floated on a billiard table and landed on the marshes, ich, on this coast, are as uninhabitable as the itself. There, for ten days, he subsisted on ils and one dead rat, which came swimming ng, too. There, in the blazing August sun—a tree for miles and miles, not a shrub—noing but the impassable and impenetrable canebrake, he survived every horror, and lived on lice. the Providence of his unsearchable Maker, he s sought out by one solitary fishing boat, and cued by its humane master, who, doubtless, m the generosity within him, had been cruising out in hope of doing some chance good. The one which occurred upon his unexpected arrid home, was truly affecting. The news roschthem a few moments before his own landing. hen every negro rushed from the plantation. me jumped into the bayou and swam to meet test. They shouted, say, laughed, danced, ed their master by the feet, legs, arms, neck d hands, kissed him wherever they could touch m, he kissing them in return. At last, the overved creatures, elevating him upon their shoulrs, carried him off in triumph to the house. I ought to myself, could Henry Ward Beecher, r sister, and all his relatives, do more!—*Journ. Commerce.*

FROM NICARAGUA.—MORE FIGHTING.—The ship Tennessee arrived last week from Nicagua, bringing highly important intelligence from ce.

en. Walker, finding the enemy advancing on , withdrew the small force stationed there, the enemy, 4,000 strong, at once occupied ere.

n. Walker then, leaving a small force at Gra, advanced towards Massaya with 1,000 men, d met the enemy on the 12th, near the city, and ulsed them, forcing them back to Massaya, re they made a stand, and where the battle ntinued until midnight.

At daylight a courier arrived, stating that a rce of fourteen hundred natives and Guatemans were besieging Granada. Gen. Walker mediately resumed his march for Granada, and rived on the heights surrounding the city on e morning of the 13th, at 10 o'clock, and found e city barricaded by the whole force of the emy. He at once charged upon them, and ve them from their posts, capturing the cou-ders and all the field pieces, and driving from the city with great slaughter. The al loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was ut. Gen. Walker's loss was 16 killed and 30 unded.

Gen. Walker would immediately march again on Massaya and Leon. His troops were in the highest spirits.

The citizens of Granada had held the Governent buildings for 22 hours, when Gen. Walker ived.

Messrs. Lawless, Wheeler and Ferguson, Amecan citizens, having no connection with Nicarafairs, were murdered by the natives.

NATURALIZATION SCENES.—The scenes that take ce during the process of naturalization, are metimes of a rather amusing character. Some o ago the following occurrence took place in of our courts:

Among the crowd of applicants was an Irishn named O'Brien, who, in his own expressive rds, was "wanting his papers." He was a ort, thick-set man, and looked as if he could ndle a shillalah in true Hiberuian style. His ness was a tall, raw-boned son of Erin, who, on ing placed before the Judge, was interrogated d answered as follows:

Judge—What is your name, sir?

Witness—Patrick O'Dennis, your Honor.

Judge—Do you know O'Brien?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Judge—How long has he been in this country?

Witness—A little over five years.

Judge—Is he man of good moral character?

Witness (quite bewildered)—Sure, your Honor, I don't know what moral character manes.

Judge—Well, sir, I will talk more plainly to you. Does O'Brien stand fair before the community?

Witness (completely nonplussed)—By my sowl, I don't apprehend your maning, your Honor.

Judge (rather irritated)—I mean to ask you, sir, if O'Brien, the person who wants to be a citizen, and for whom you are a witness, is a good man or not?

Witness—Oh! why didn't yon ax me that way fore? To be sure he is a good man. Sure, I've seen him in ten fights during the last 5 years, and every time he licked his man.—*N. Herald.*

THE COLLEGE VS. THE PULPIT.—The Congretionalist complains of the draft which is making a the ranks of the ministry by the election of ral of the most effective and useful pastors to s in theological schools, colleges, &c., saythat "Andover has three professors who ld be the special joy of any pulpit which could their services. Harvard has lately subsidized of the very foremost pulpit orators of the Amherst has taken Dr. Stearns from ridge, and Professor Haven from Brookline. or has taken Mr. Harris from Pittsfield, and 'eological Seminary at New York has taken Hitchcock, whose announcement here will e largest house in the city uncomfortably And now we see that the college in Iowa tected the Rev. Dr. Palmer, of Albany, to ghest chair, and the college in California has d Dr. Bushnell to be its President; while uppose it is no longer a secret that the new logical Seminary at Chicago is preparing to a serious draft upon the pulpits of both and West, in order to set up its own tabernas of instruction."

ARISTOCRATIC HAYMAKERS.—In connection h this affair of labor, there is a strange tale bout of a band of aristocratic haymakers having tly been imported from the region of Bell to the classic ground of St. Anne's Hill, erly the residence of Mr. Fox, now Lord land. There being a scarcity of field labor in district, Lord Holland's friends and neighbors untested to come and give them a day's hayking. Among the party were, I hear, Lord hn Russell, the Earl of Clarendon, and several bers of the highest rank, and both sexes. The ament, it is said was a most successful one, c laborers handling the scythe and great effect, and giving cause for minds of some ill-natured people, mirable haymakers should, in the have been turned into very inesm.—*London Correspondence of Bicle.*

RAUDS.—Huntington, the New posses that his forgeries will not 50; nearly four hundred thou- been discovered. The French arrested in this country comries amounting to three millions of The plunder obtained by the President, retary, and Directors of the Royal British nk is reported at £130,000, equal to only $750,000. Here are the three principal nations on the e exhibiting the same kind of frauds among same class of citizens, probably all arising e same cause, extravagant living and reckpeculation to sustain it.

ANCIENT MOSTNESS.—A young gentleman of ty called at an oyster stand a day or two and ordered a "dozen in the shell." The was attended to in a moment, and when he ed to swallow the first oyster, he felt some substance in his mouth, which he took out ked on the stand beside him. After the were disposed of, he examined the hard ers, which he supposed to be a pebble, and ered that it was a large and valuable pearl. some jewellers estimate its value from $10 to *Syracuse Standard.*

HOW COULD HAVE BEEN HIS HATTER?—The e (U. S.) *Argus* tells about one of its subs calling at the office wearing a hat which worn for the last forty years. Of course not wear it every day, but kept it for Sunand, and wore it occasionally on holidays. It ed very well, and looked as though it would ry few more. The owner said that the of made it a fashionable hat every his

NARROW ESCAPE OF A NEW YORK MORNING TRAIN.

—The seven o'clock morning mail train from Philadelphia to New York, on Thursday, the 22rd, made a very narrow escape from a terrible accident, near Unionlown, New Jersey. It appears that a team of oxen were drawing a large log in advance of the approaching train, which was going at the rate of forty miles an hour. The conductor and engineer, both seeing the impending danger, endeavored to slacken the speed of the engine, after which they jumped from the cars. One of the engineers, in jumping off, seriously injured himself, sustaining severe bruises about the head. The engine struck the log and ran on the track with it for a quarter of a mile, and thus a terrible accident was fortunately prevented.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 167—Adults 69, and children 98.

THE BALLOON ASCENSION, last week, drew together quite a large crowd at Parkinson's Garden; owing to the humid state of the atmosphere it was feared that the "machine" wouldn't go up, but at about four o'clock, all things being in readiness, the cord was loosened from the earth, and it soared away in beautiful style. Several gentlemen accompanied the daring aeronaut, all of whom were well provided with substantial Over Coats, from the beautiful establishment of Granville Stokes, No. 26 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Cartoons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

AN INCIDENT OF THE BALLOON ASCENSION.—As Monsieur Godard's balloon was about going up, a tearing sound was heard. It was at first thought that the balloon had burst, but it was soon ascertained that the sound proceeded individual and tore his coat. The unanimous voice at once suggested to the sufferer to go get a better garment at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—The Oxygenated Bitters have been fairly tested in some of the worst cases of Dyspepsia without one exception, and proved to be the best remedy ever discovered for the cure of this troublesome disease.

☞ We were accosted a day or two since by a families whose self and gentleman we did not remember to have seen before stood in our presence. A certain smile played his mouth and eyes that we could not account for. Turned out we discovered an old acquaintance, who, the last time we saw him, was gray as a rat; but now, by the magic power of Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative, has hair as black as a coal and soft as silk.—*Louisville Times.*

☞ WOOD & Co., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, N. York. Sold by all Druggists.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Send to Mr. Robert Sears, No. 128 William Street, New York, for a Descriptive Circular of his "PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE," the best and most saleable Book now published for agents. sept 12-tf

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been administered.

DANVILLE, Pa., July 5th, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen.—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For seventy-five years I was a sufferer from Epileptic Fits, during which time I took nearly all the medicines of Lapidanum, that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. I lost the use of my arm and partially that of my hand—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood. In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and at present am happy to state that since that time I have not had a single Fit; the use of my arm has returned, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple of boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and can say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to use no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

William Kitchen,	G. H. Brown,
Geo. S. Sanders,	G. W. Provost,
James M. Jones,	Thomas Woods,
	J. B. Moore.

The above Patent medicines are prepared only at prepared only at prepared only at

Wit and Humor.

A TRIFLING REDUCTION.

On Tuesday last, the door of our sanctum opened, and presently our eyes fell upon a pedlar crossing the threshold, whose features and entire costume proclaimed him of the house of Abraham. Opening a large, oblong paper box, he exposed a countless heap of spectacles, and anxiously inquired if we "did not want to buy."

Scarcely glancing at his wares, we replied in the negative, and turned our eyes on a heap of exchanges lying before us, innocently fancying that our reply and manner would serve as a sufficient hint to drive the travelling merchant from our presence. But we were too verdant—the Jew, like all of the trafficing tribe, had not the slightest idea of taking no for an answer.

"I offer him you," he said, laying a pair of them before us, "ash low as three dollarsh. I mushn't shell a pair—I 'av sell nutting to-day, and my vife and shild 'av got no pred—you vill take him!"

We shook our head.

"Ah, you vill not take him at three dollarsh!" Vell, then, you shall 'av him two dollarsh an' seventy-five—my family 'av no pred—I mushn sacrifice him."

We looked at him, but were silent.

"Vell, then, if I split the difference—"

"It would make no difference. I have no use for them."

"Vel, then, you shall 'av him at two dollarsh—my vife and shild must not starve—take him at two dollarsh."

"What, when we have no use for them?"

"But they are so sheap—take him for a tollar and a quarter!" he persisted, earnestly; "I cannot let my vife and shild die for vant o' pred!"

We shook our head ominously.

"Vell, then, you shall 'av him at a tollar—but the profit vouldn't pay me the crumbs of a sheese cake! Take him along—you shall 'av him at a tollar!"

"No!"

"Vell, vat you vill gif—say, quick—you shall 'av him at your own price! Seventy-five shents!"

"No! we have already told you we do not want them!"

"Say half a tollar! I cannot let my vife and shild starve, and I 'av not got the first copper to pay them pred. Take them along at half a tollar!"

We looked at the spectacles, which, certainly, were got up, not to use, but to sell—and then we bent our eyes upon the Jew.

"Now," said we, taking a fifty-cent piece from our pocket, and laying it temptingly on the table before him; "we'll buy those spectacles of you, if you will tell us truly, what your profit is upon each pair."

"You gif me your vord you vill puy, if I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Then, so help me gort, if I sell him to you at fifty cents, ma only profit is, *three shillings and sixpence!*"

THE ORIGIN OF A PLAY.—A very good story is told of the manner in which the younger Dumas, famous by his *Dame aux Camelias* and his *Demi-Monde* was lately induced to write another play, he being of rather an indolent disposition by nature. Shortly after Beaufort's assumption of management, he desired a play from Dumas, and went to his hotel to see him. As soon as Dumas perceived him, he knew the object of his visit, and said to him:

"Sorry, my dear fellow, that I can't talk with you, but I'm going out with Z——— to take a long swim."

"Very well," replied the manager, "I'm very fond of swimming myself, and will accompany you if you'll let me."

Hardly were they in the water, when Beaufort placed his hands on Dumas' shoulders, and asked:

"Do you like to be ducked?"

"Like it? No, I hate it."

"Well, I'm stronger than you, and I'll duck you three times, if you don't write me a play."

"Nonsense!"

"Not a bit of it. I'm in earnest."

"You're mad."

"Am I? We'll see. Duck No. 1."

And in goes Dumas.

"Stop! I agree."

"A long piece?"

"Yes. On my honor."

"You're a good fellow. Au revoir."

"How? are you not going to take a long swim?"

"What's the good of it? I only wanted to get a promise from you—I've got it, and I'm going."

And that was the way M. Alexandre Dumas *fils* came to write "The Prodigal Father."

WHAT THE GIRLS SAY OF THE YOUNG MEN.—We guess it would take the starch out of some of the nice young men who congregate at the watering-places—those who flutter around the girls most—if they could hear the remarks the ladies make about them when their backs are turned. A writer from one of our most fashionable resorts narrates the following: "Why don't you dance?" asked a lady, of an apathetic friend, a few evenings since, on the piazza, when the music struck up. "Oh, we have no MEN dancers here," was the reply, "only a lot of little shanghais, that tease a body to death." Again, when the music struck up a quadrille, a lady on the piazza asked another, sitting near the door, "Who are all in there, Miss ———?" "Nobody but those everlasting shanghais," was the response. One of the said birds, who sports Parisian legs, a Cape May hat and a Saratoga coat, and is all whiskers, teeth, bows and flattery, was approaching a group of ladies with a languid shuffle, when one remarked, *sotto voce*, "Here comes our *monkey* friend!" Of another individual—who wears a crop of glossy black hair, that hardly agrees with his age—the remark was made, "Here comes our wig friend!" And so the dear creatures talk of those who wait upon them most devotedly. These remarks I did not hear myself, for I have a horror of ladies in a crowd, and keep clear of them; but my information is reliable. I belong, I suppose, to the class that the pretty merry-makers would stigmatize as bears, in contradistinction to the bores that bother them. All the single men here are lodged in a building which is separate from the main hotel, and is known as the "Texas." The ladies, I am credibly informed, call this building the "menagerie."

☞ We heard a good joke perpetrated yesterday, by a friend of ours. Said he to an acquaintance:

"Things are really coming to a pretty pass in our town, all the ladies stopping at the Girard left the dinner-table yesterday."

"Possible!" said the person to whom the remark was addressed, greatly surprised. "What caused them to do so?"

"Why," responded our friend, convincing himself that the coast was clear, "they have finished eating." A pass was made at him, but he dodged it.

FAREWELL TO THE SKEETERS.

Vase, hummin, but inhuman insech,
Yole on by lootin at the Allmighauck
That it's time to dee part onto
Sum other climit. Jack Frost to-deth
Is summon for ye & on yole beuer
im. Not that any leddy, evin the
Sinderist hopes ahoard of one of
Yer size. For an infant not moren 6
Years old coud neck ye & yore length
But the fack is we're tired of yore miserlene,
Wich air at onseizonable howers of the
Nite. Yore getting teejus, bobbis round
A suckin uther peeples blud becos
Yourn got non of yore own to suck.
Yore immortal to. Yore kilting round
Ori nite on a spree, & yore already woke
In the sepulate. Fewer gois to be bi,
And yede better get down south of
The line of Mason Dickwens stages,
Were ye wont hav to bight thro
Woolin close.
Why don't ye go!?!?! The rose leave is fel
To the ground, and ori Natur beckons ye awa.
Ive got up nites & gin ye a hint with the
Father duster to leaf my premises, and
Ive wept at yore obstinatesy in stickin
To my vanes. But its no use talkin,
The frost will soon destroy yore use
Vulness by nipping off the end of
Yore bills. Ye cant stand uglast
Fire and cold wether, so clear
Out! Shooers, save reservoir,
Good buy, fairwell!

BURNING OUT A WELL.—An Alabama correspondent tells us how his friend Bill astonished a New York "Dry Goods Drummer" lately in those diggings:—

Bill and the Drummer were riding along, and stopped to get some water at a newly-located farm in the lower part of Benton County. The farmer had set fire to an old pine stump near the front door, and at the time our travellers stopped, the fire was in the sap root, some two feet below the surface, all the wood above the ground having been consumed. The smoke issuing from a large hole in the ground, attracted the attention of the Drummer, and turning to Bill, he asked the meaning of it.

"Why," says William, "my friend Thompson, here, is burning out a well."

"Burning out a well! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," rejoined Bill; "he is burning out a well—have you never seen it done?"

"Never—nor did I ever hear of such a thing; I would like to have it explained."

"Nothing simpler," says Bill. "Throughout this section of the country the soil is strongly impregnated with highly inflammable salts, and all we have to do when a well is needed, is to dig a hole a foot deep and four feet square at the top; wet the ground around the surface to keep the fire from spreading; fill the hole with pine-knots, set fire to the knots, and in a week's time you have a first-rate well."

"Do tell!" exclaimed the wondering Gothamite.

"Yes," said Bill, warming with the subject, "the fire burns straight down, just the size of the hole at the top; it burns slowly, and thus bakes the sides as hard as a brick, and continues to burn until it reaches water, when, of course, it ceases to burn."

"But," says the Drummer, "I should think the mass of ashes and cinders would extinguish the fire long before the water is reached."

"A very natural conclusion," replied Bill; "but this is the strangest of the whole process, *there are no ashes.* I am not chemist enough to explain it, but Professor Brumby, of the University, attributes it to the volatile principle contained in the inflammable salts. I wish I *could* explain it; but this much I do know, that out of at least one hundred wells of the same sort in Benton County, I have never seen, in all, a bushel of ashes."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the astonished "solicitor," as he pulled out his pencil and memorandum book, and "writ it down."

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—The height of impudence has never yet been reached, for every day brings to notice the exploit of some one who has reached above his competitors in the upward march. We think that an Irish poet, by the name of O'Kelly, deserves to be ranked among the most impudent men who ever lived. It is said of him that when King George IV. visited Dublin in 1821, he was informed that O'Kelly was a remarkable character, and then in Dublin, on which his Majesty allowed the poet to be presented to him. O'Kelly, who was lame, was presented, and the King, anxious to put him at ease, remarked, "I regret to see that you are lame."

"Yes, your Majesty," said O'Kelly, "we are all lame; the three of us."

"Who do you mean?"

"Why, Scott, Byron, and myself."

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.—A gigantic placard, in Gallic English, on the walls of St. Malo, announces the various *agremens* of a hotel at St. Servan, and among others, that it "has the benefit and comfort of being close to beautiful graves!" the said graves being the translator's easy, though not very faithful rendering of the French *greves*, which means "sands."

PHILOPŒNA.—A correspondent of the Taunton Gazette writes from Berlin the following account of this game as practiced among the Germans:—"Here, when a couple exchange philopœnas, the object of each is not mainly to be the first to pronounce the common word at their next meeting, but with the exchange the sport has not begun. The after object is to draw the other into accepting some offer, and if that is done, the "philopœna" is spoken, and a forfeit required. To illustrate it better by example:—

"A and B exchange philopœnas at a party, and in a few days after, A calls upon B at his or her house. B, instead of waiting to be asked in, enters just before the invitation; if offered a chair, takes a seat upon the sofa; if B presses the butter to A at the table, A takes cheese instead, and so on, always taking care to accept nothing, but in a quiet way endeavoring to force the other party into acceptance of some offer on his own side.

"If at that visit either is successful, he immediately says 'philopœna,' but if both should always be on their guard, the thing may pass on to a subsequent occasion. The reader will instantly see how preferable this method is to our own, where oftentimes there is a rude haste exhibited to be the first to speak, and where the person who has the least on his mind is generally successful."

SINGULAR TEXTS.—The Rev. Hamilton Paul, a Scotch clergyman, is said to be a reviver of Dean Swift's celebrated wit in the choice of texts. For example, when he left the town of Ayr, where he was understood to have been a great favorite with the fair sex, he preached his valedictory sermon from this passage: "And they all fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him." Another time, when he was called on to preach before a military company, in green uniforms, he preached from the words: "And I beheld men like trees, walking." He once made a serious proposal to a young lady whose Christian name was Lydia, and at that time took for his text: "And a certain woman, named Lydia, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the many things which were spoken of Paul."

CRINOLINE CONVENIENT SOMETIMES. A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

TROUBLESOME PARENT.—"Who was making that noise, Clara?"

CLARA.—"Only me and Moustache, mamma!"

[CHARLES thinks that if he only had kept *his* moustache to himself there would have been no little shriek, sure enough.]

Useful Receipts.

STARCH.—This requires some care and attention. The best vessels to make it in are those of brass, bell-metal, copper tinned, or earthenware pipkins. If starch were made in a tin saucepan, it would be a chance if it did not burn; an iron saucepan would burn it black; it would be discolored by copper, if the inner surface of the vessel were not tinned. The very best vessel for starch making is a bell-metal skillet. Mix the starch with cold water till it is of the consistence of common paste, carefully pressing abroad all the lumps; then pour upon it boiling water, in the proportion of a pint to an ounce of starch. If the starch is pure and without blue, add the quantity of blue necessary to give it the proper tint, to the boiling water before it is poured on the starch, which is effected by putting the blue into a flannel bag and letting the water dissolve a sufficient quantity. Set the skillet over the fire, and stir the starch with a clean wooden spoon. When the starch has boiled up, remove it from the fire. When starch is required more than usually stiff, a little isinglass may be dissolved and mixed with it after it is removed from the fire.

ARTIFICIAL CORAL.—To make artificial red coral branches for the embellishment of grottoes: Take clear resin, dissolve it in a brass pan, to every ounce of which add two drachms of the finest vermillion; when stirred well together, choose the twigs and branches, peeled and dried; then take a pencil and paint the branches all over whilst the composition is warm; afterwards shape them in imitation of natural coral. This done, hold the branches over a gentle coal fire till all is smooth and even, as if polished. In the same manner white coral may be prepared with white lead, and black coral with lampblack. A grotto may be built, with little expense, of glass, cinders, pebbles, pieces of large flint, shells, moss, stones, counterfeit corsl, pieces of chalk, &c., all bound or cemented together with the above described cement.

CLARIFYING LARD OIL FOR THE HAIR.—To every twenty pints of lard oil add one of alcohol; place them in a clean glass vessel, and shake them frequently for about two days, after which allow them to stand until they have become quite clear, and a sediment has fallen to the bottom. Pour of the clear and use it for hair oil. It may be colored a light purple with alkanet root, and also scented with the essential oil of lavender, rosemary, bergamot, &c. Maintaining the same proportion of parts by measure—1 of alcohol to 20 of lard—a pint of the latter may thus be clarified as well as twenty.

SHOE BLACKING.—Eighteen ounces of caoutchouc are to be dissolved in about nine pounds of hot rape oil. To this solution sixty pounds of fine ivory black, and forty-five pounds of molasses are to be added, along with one pound of finely-ground gum arabic, previously dissolved in twenty gallons of vinegar. These mixed ingredients are to be finely triturated in a paint-mill till the mixture becomes perfectly smooth. To this varnish twelve pounds of sulphuric acid are to be now added in small successive quantities, with powerful stirring for half-an-hour, at the end of which time three pounds of finely-ground gum arabic are to be added; after which the stirring is repeated half-an-hour for fourteen days longer, when the liquid blacking is ready for use. In making the paste blacking, the patentees prescribe the above quantity of India rubber, oil, ivory black, molasses and gum arabic, the latter being dissolved in only twelve pounds of vinegar. These ingredients are to be well mixed, and then ground together in a mill till they form a perfectly smooth paste. To this paste twelve pounds of sulphuric acid are to be added, in small quantities at a time, with powerful stirring, which is to be continued half-an-hour after the last portion of the acid has been introduced. Ready for use in seven days.

COMBS.—To polish tortoise-shell combs, make a paste of jeweller's rouge and a little sweet oil. Put it on the comb, and when quite dry brush it off. Then polish the comb with wash leather. In some cases this will restore polish. The use of sal volatile, instead of sweet oil, is recommended for mixing with the jeweller's rouge in forming the paste.

LEMON DROPS.—For lemon drops, take the juice of three fresh lemons strained fine, and mix it with a pound of refined sugar, beaten and sifted through a lawn sieve; beat them together for an hour—it will make them white and bright; then drop them upon writing paper and dry them before the fire.

NEW KIND OF CANDLES.—An invention is spoken of which consists in using in candles fibrous or spongy substances, which will act like a very thick wick in absorbing the fluid grease below the base of the flame, but which are so prepared by chemical processes that on the approach or contact of the flame itself they are gradually destroyed or shrivelled up, leaving the true candle wick of the proper size. It also consists in covering the outsides of candles with a solution of gun cotton, of similar substance, which forms a dry and smooth covering, preventing the melted grease from running off.

Agricultural.

SHOEING OF THE HORSE.

The observation, that "we often transpose the order of our labors," reminds me of a mode adopted in the shoeing of the horse, which I once witnessed, and which is, I believe of importance sufficient to deserve notice in the pages of your valuable and very interesting work. It occurred at the town of Croydon, near London, which is known as the centre of the stag-hunt, so well attended by the whole country around, and especially by the high-bred bloods of London; and where may be seen a field of the best horses in the whole world—many of them worth their five or seven thousand dollars.

As I once passed through this town, one of my horse's shoes became loose, and I went to the shop of a smith named Lovelace, to get it fastened; the shoe was nearly new, and had become loose in consequence of the nails having drawn out of the hoof, although they had been clinched in the manner universally practised. The smith remarked that all the other shoes were loose, and would soon drop off, when I requested him to take them off and replace them; and then did I perceive the different mode which he adopted for fixing them, which I will here detail. As fast as he drove the nails, he merely bent the points down to the hoof, without, as is customary, twisting them with the pincers; these he then *drove home*, clinching them against a heavy pair of pincers, which were not made very sharp; and after this had been very carefully done, he twisted off each nail as close as possible to the hoof; the pincers being dull, the nail would hold, so as to get a perfect fast round before it separated. These twists were then beaten close into the hoof and filed smooth, but not deep, or with the view to rasp off the twist of the nail. "Oh, ho!" said I, "I have learnt a lesson in horse-shoeing." "Yes," said he, "and a valuable one; if I were ever to lose a single shoe in a long day's hunt, I should have to shut up my shop; my business is to shoe the horses belonging to the hunt, and the loss of a shoe would be the probable ruin of a horse worth, perhaps, a thousand pounds; but I never am fearful of such an accident." "Simply because you drive home and clinch the nails before you twist them off," said I. "Yes," replied he, "by which I secure a *rivet*, as well as a *clinch*." The thing was as clear as the light of day, and I have several times endeavored to make our shoeing smiths understand it, but they cannot see the advantage it would be to *themselves*, and guess, therefore, *it would never do in these parts*; but if my brother farmers cannot see how it works with half an eye, and have not the resolution to get it put into practice, they ought to see the shoes drop from the feet of their horses daily, as I was once accustomed to do. Now, let any one take up an old horse-shoe at any of the smith-shops on the road, and examine the clinch of the nails which have drawn out of the hoof, and he will soon perceive how the thing operates. In short, if the nails are driven home before twisting off, and the *rivet* formed by the *twist* be not afterwards removed by the rasp, I should be glad to be told how the shoe is to come off at all, unless by first cutting out the twist.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—We again remind our readers not to overlook the present opportunity to plant trees. Now is the time, but it can be continued to be done until the frost renders it impracticable. It should be remembered, however, that the best time in autumn to transplant fruit or ornamental trees, (except evergreens,) is as soon as the tree is done growing, which is known by the decay of the leaves. By putting out thus early, the small roots will have time to grow and take hold of the earth before hard weather sets in.

Trees for transplanting should be taken up with plenty of root, and with as little bruising as possible. The small roots should be especially uninjured, as they perform very important functions.

In planting dig the hole large and deep; crumble the earth at the bottom; spread out the roots carefully; mix well with rich soil, a good proportion of compost or manure-yard scrapings; make fine, and fill in with care; press down well; apply about a bucket of water to each tree as the filling-in goes on, unless after a rain or the soil should be naturally moist. *Plant no tree deeper than it stood in the nursery.* After planting, let the tree be firmly staked, and bound with leather or cloth of some kind to prevent rubbing and barking. A forkfull or two of stable manure well placed over the roots, will aid very much to protect the tree against severe frost the first winter; and in the spring—say the first of May—this should be repeated as a mulching to protect the tree against the heat and drought.

When the soil is a clayey loam, lies low and is disposed to be wet or heavy, spring planting is to be preferred. But where the soil is dry porous, partaking of a silicious nature, and not subject to undue moisture, early autumn is generally approved, especially for the transplantation of large trees. Evergreens should never be moved in autumn. If these short and simple practical directions are followed (and they should be preserved for reference,) there will be no failure.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

DEEP PLOUGHING.

Messrs. Editors:—A speech-maker at one of our late agricultural exhibitions proposed to make one farm as productive as three, by ploughing the land three times as deep as it had ever before been ploughed; and what was wonderful, he escaped without the expressed contempt of his practical hearers! This reminds one of the story told of two sailors, who, happening to go into a church, heard the minister descanting on the confidence of salvation that filled the breast of every true believer, who may be likened to the sailor that has cast his anchor on the *rock*, Christ—when one of the sailors exclaimed to the other, "My eyes, Jack, let's go!"

Here is a gentleman, who advocates ploughing all soils to the depth of "a foot or more," without knowing what is the nature of the subsoil at one-third of the depth; it may be a coarse, hungry gravel, or a wet, poisonous till, no matter; eight inches of it brought up and spread over the four inches of surface-soil, will, of course, and according to the rule of three, render one farm as productive as three! an idea quite as preposterous, unnatural and reprehensible as casting an anchor upon a rock, and quite sufficient to warrant every practical man to leave in disgust. But I forget; this wild practice was fashionable but a short time since, and a depth less than a foot in any soil was highly reprehensible and ought to be put down by statute. In practising this indiscriminate deep ploughing, what is termed by some, the hard-pan, but by others, the virginity of the land was broken up and forever destroyed, to the utter ruin of the soil, perhaps, nine times out of ten, and engendering all sorts of diseases amongst the crops, drawn up by the *spongioles* from the poisonous depths below, into which only the anchor roots of the crop ought to penetrate for water, where it would always be found, by reason of evaporation being prevented by the natural covering of *hard-pan*, which frightful term seems to have scared even well-meaning and practical men out of their wits.

What has become of those land-killers, the subsoil ploughs, in all my travels I never find one left to tell! all gone by the board, as would the masts of the ship that had anchored upon a rock! Sometime since, a practical man from New Jersey informed us of the success, or rather, the want of it, that followed the subsoiling a part of a field, that had totally and forever ruined its productiveness, no doubt, from its having destroyed that wise ordination of Providence, the intervention of the hard-pan between the surface-soil and the subsoil, that in ordinary cases ought to be preserved. Some years since, I superintended the subsoiling of two fields sown with wheat and oats in the spring, and in both instances the result was the same, namely, when the crop had grown to the height of, say five inches, the plants took a bend at the first joint, reaching the ground, and then striking upwards, to the great injury of the crop, both in appearance and in reality; since which, the land, like the horse-leech, is never satisfied with its share of the barn-yard, but is still crying, "Give, give!" the breaking up of the hard-pan permitting the passage of the dressing to the "shades below," out of the reach of all but the anchor-roots of the crops, for which it is as unsuitable as the pasturage at that depth for the spongoiles. The subject of deep ploughing is not yet exhausted; would our friends cultivate it, and give us the account of their success or otherwise!—*D. Ramsey, in Boston Cultivator.*

POLICY OF HOLLOWING THE SOIL AROUND A TREE IN WINTER.—Every healthy, vigorous tree or plant is supplied with an almost infinite number of fibrous roots, which penetrate every part of the soil, and gather sap, along with it a supply of organic and inorganic food. The expansion and contraction of the soil, during the winter, tear and break numbers of these minute roots, a majority of which are so small as to be imperceptible to the unaided eye. Where there is a great number of alternatives of heat and cold, so many of these roots are broken as to leave the tree in a sickly condition in the spring, and it should be a careful study to protect them from such action of frost. Should there be but a slight action of frost, not more than enough to freeze water half an inch to an inch in depth, a body of water around the roots would doubtless act as a preserver, and from this fact probably the ridiculous habit arose above alluded to. But in this climate we have no guard against foot-deep instead of inch-deep frosts.

A simple experiment will show the difference between a dry and wet soil around the base of the tree. Take three cups, each nine inches deep; fill each one of them within one inch of the top—the first with water, the second with earth saturated with water, and the third with moist but nearly dry earth, and subject all three to cold enough to freeze them solid. In the first, the water in changing to ice will so expand as to fill up the entire measure. The moist earth in the second will have expanded nearly as much, while the comparatively dry earth will scarcely expand an eighth of an inch.

The experiment, or the principle which this illustrates, viz.: that the water freezing expands but one-eighth of its bulk, while dry solids do not thus expand, has a direct bearing upon the winter treatment of trees. Instead of retaining water around them, it is better to dig a ditch (at a sufficient distance to avoid cutting the roots,) to convey the water away, and leave the soil dry.

It is sometimes even advisable to bank up the earth eight or ten inches high around the body of the tree, and slope it off a few feet. This will both carry off the water, and afford additional warmth to the roots.—*Western Enterprise.*

TO SECURE FROM CATTLE MALE OR FEMALE PROGENY AT WILL.—According to an article in "The Annals of the Luxemburg Agricultural Society," communicated by a Belgian farmer, a heifer calf is invariably produced when the cow is put to bull before milking, and a male calf when the cow is put to bull just after she has been thoroughly milked. The author of this statement claims to have confirmed its accuracy by four years' experience, and asserts that the plan has succeeded beyond all expectation. Cows which previously had borne only male calves, and that for four or five years gave heifer calves by the above treatment. Give it a trial.—*Country Gentleman.*

TO PREVENT COWS FROM HOLDING UP THEIR MILK.—The following, though going the rounds credited to another paper, appeared first in the Agriculturist, a year or two since. It will bear repeating:—"One of the best methods to prevent cows from holding up their milk, is to feed them at the time of milking. If this is done, they will give down their milk freely. But if you neglect to feed them, they will hold it up, so that it is almost impossible to get any from them. Try the experiment of feeding them at milking."

☞ Praise a man for knowing the world, is often to commend him only for his knowledge of its dirty lanes and crooked alleys. Any fool knows the broad paths—the squares of life.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 1, 9, 18, 19, 10, 13, 10, is a mountain in Greece, noted for having been the favorite residence of Apollo.

My 2, 2, 3, 19, 28, was a Mohegan Indian, educated at a school in Lebanon, Ct.

My 3, 5, 17, 19, 21, 10, is one of the Egyptian pyramids which ancient historians tell us 100,000 men were 20 years in building.

My 4, 5, 15, 17, 28, 10, is a city in Greece, greatly celebrated in classical literature.

My 5, 13, 7, 26, 17, 15, was a great anatomist.

My 7, 22, 15, 10, 6, 28, is an American poet.

My 10, 16, 21, 17, 28, 17, 15, 10, is a church, the largest and most celebrated in the world, which was 111 years in building, and which cost a sum equal to $180,000,000.

My 11, 12, 28, 6, 17, was one of the most distinguished men of whom history makes mention.

My 14, is a word of command.

My 15, 22, 18, 27, 3, 17, was a renowned Latin poet.

My 17, is an abbreviation much used in charts.

My 18, 2, 12, 10, 10, 17, 12, 13, was a celebrated Swiss philosopher.

My 22, is an exclamation.

My 23, 27, 19, 17, is an American poet.

My 2, 6, 2, 24, 18, 25, 28, 17, was a celebrated captain, who travelled on foot through France, Spain and Portugal, then through Russia to Kamschatka.

My 10, 16, 25, 20, 20, 27, is an island on the western coast of Scotland, which contains a great natural curiosity.

My 14, 12, 17, 17, 7, 17, was a distinguished American General.

My 17, 5, 18, 17, 26, was a celebrated botanical painter.

My 3, 12, 18, 18, 6, 28, was a distinguished Irish statesman and orator.

My 10, 3, 22, 8, 16, was an eminent English novelist and poet.

My whole was a celebrated Indian Princess.

OAHMEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 18, 23, 4, 19, 26, 6, 16, 17, is a county in Maine.

My 27, 11, 28, 29, is a county in Texas.

My 11, 13, 20, 3, 15, is a gulf in Russia.

My 20, 11, 2, 19, 26, is a river in Spain.

My 27, 19, 24, 10, 20, 4, is a peninsula in Russia.

My 28, 29, 11, 4, is a town in Central America.

My 18, 5, 20, 20, 22, 19, 18, 27, 28, is a city in Maryland.

My 8, 28, 7, 26, 28, 12, 14, is a cape of North Carolina.

My 1, 14, 5, 28, 13, 3, 1, is an island in Oceanica.

My 8, 14, 6, 15, 1, is a mountain in Africa.

My 21, 22, 20, 5, is a lake in British America.

My 16, 28, 13, 24, 6, 17, is an archipelago.

My 8, 20, 29, 18, 4, 14, 24, 25, is an European sea.

My 15, 9, 23, 16, 25, 4, is one of the Grand Divisions.

My whole is the name and locality of a most lovely, yea a *sweet* mountain. J. T. H.

Nashville, Tenn.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 1, 4, 20, 5, 31, is a criminal.

My 2, 3, 16, 17, 12, is a vital part of the body.

My 3, 6, 22, 21, is another name for Ireland.

My 4, 7, 9, 9, 8, is an animal.

My 5, 15, 6, 12, 13, is a planet.

My 15, 18, 6, 4, 23, 28, was one of my whole.

My 7, 29, 31, is a numeral.

My 9, 24, 20, 12, 28, is a tapering body on buildings.

My 11, 10, 17, 12, is a fortified place.

My 12, 25, 16, is a kind of drink.

My 22, 14, 19, 18, 31, was the author of Robinson Crusoe.

My 15, 16, 17, 27, 31, 29, is a keeper or guardian.

My whole were persons who will be hallowed in the hearts of Americans till eternity.

Louisville, Ky. HORTY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On my *first* and *second's* shores
See the heathen mother stand;
As she the shining stream adores,
Cast her infant on the strand.

A word my *third* you've often seen,
I would have you understand;
It is used as a musical term, I ween,
And sometimes comprises a band.

My *fourth's* a pronoun, I may say,
Much used by men of state;
If you're my *whole*, no doubt you may
Expect to be truly great. CINROS

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the beginning and end of the year,
But not in the spring or the fall;
I in summer and winter appear,
But in March I am not at all.

I'm also the first and the last
Of our first parent of old;
I'm in money that cannot be passed,
In silver, but am not in gold.

The ocean and sea are my home,
I am neither in mountain nor land;
With the wolves of the forest I roam;
Ere this you must all understand.

Rowleyville.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a *word* of negation.
My second is an extremity of man.
My third is a product of the farm.
My fourth is a vowel.
My fifth is a consonant.
All aspiring minds seek for my whole. H——

Ann Arbor, Mich.

PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The moon's diameter is 2,180 miles, and its density 69, the earth's diameter is 7,964 miles, and its density 40; then, by the attraction of the moon, a tide of six f raised at the earth, what would be the height of t raised by the attraction of the earth at the moon?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the inside of everything unintelligible? Ans.—Because we can't make it out.

☞ When is a soldier not half a soldier? Ans.—When he's in quarters.

☞ Why are jokes like nuts? Ans.—Be they are, the better they crack.

☞ Why is a young lady dancing cantier? Ans.—Because she's a gal-hop.

☞ What's the difference between Mammoth Cave and a dance in a pub The one is a taper in a cavern, and the tavern.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Texas Evening Post, and pay for it. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Clint, Cinros, Gabmew, and Leyden. PA VERBIAL ENIGMA.—"For your industrial nations, w want neither powder nor bullets. Confidence is enough —*Andrew Jackson.* CHARADE.—Campbell. CH RADE.—Culloden Moor. CHARADE.—Cornice. GE METRICAL PROBLEM.—6,960 rods. ALGEBR CAL PROBLEM.—$3158.10. ANAGRAMS.—Iwas

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—At a part other evening there were present six young attired in the height—or rather width—of th the circumference of whose united dress e equalled that of Astley's circus. It was ca ted by a Senior Wrangler who attended, the material of which the six dresses were posed had been cut into strips of two inches it would have reached four times round the of St. Paul's; while the air-tubes with whi skirts were expanded would, if placed end have very considerably overtopped the Mon Some idea may be formed of the labor wh present mode has rendered necessary, w state that to fill the air-tubes of a single do takes the most expert lady's maid, rage, upwards of three hours and with the help of a good-sized Punch.